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Vol. 2, No. 3



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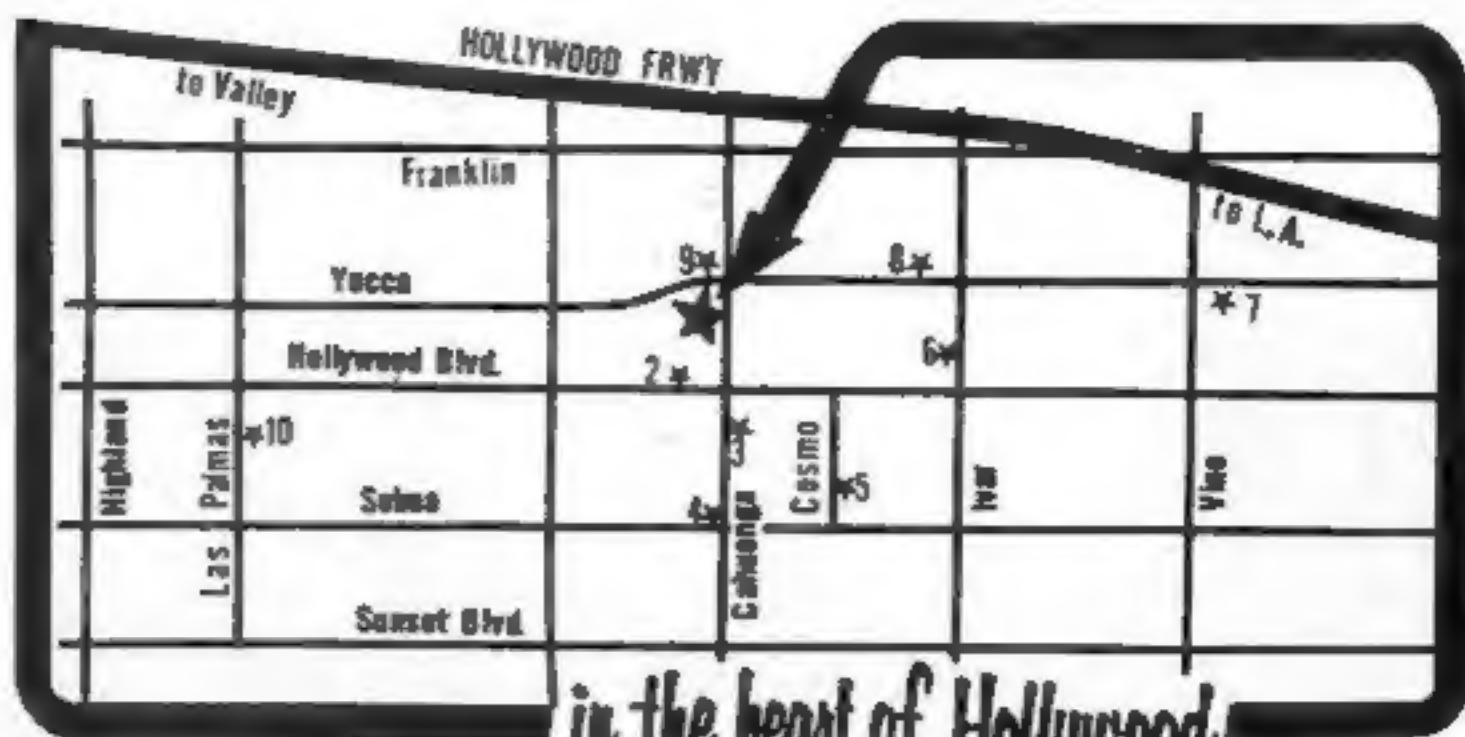
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IN TOUCH

VOLUME 2, NUMBER 3

ISSUE 15

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keeping *IN TOUCH*

Dear Editor:

I enjoy IN TOUCH very much, particularly the September issue with John Millious. What you are doing is great. More erections, particularly in the center-fold spreads, would be an improvement. It is not really fair to the models or to the readers to picture only flaccidity. After all, size is what everyone is interested in. If there is nothing wrong with sex, and nothing wrong with nudity, there is nothing wrong with erections. I believe I have noticed a trend of late in the magazine toward showing them.

Mr. Richard Payne, for whom a subscription to IN TOUCH is requested on a separate sheet, is serving a term in the Federal Prison at San Pedro. As he wrote to the Prison Rap column in the Advocate, he and other out front gay guys there are working to improve conditions for gay prisoners. Only recently they have gotten the Advocate approved as receivable by a gay inmate. Soon they are to have an MCC church service there for the gay group.

He has now, at my suggestion, gotten IN TOUCH approved as receivable in the prison. It is the first time, to the best of my knowledge. Chalk one up for Gay Lib, and prison reform. When I wrote him about IN TOUCH, it was what he wanted most, because it will continue twelve times a year, for as long as he is there. It will be important to him and the other gay guys trying to maintain contact with the real world of reality outside the walls which is so important during the long, lonely hours and days of isolation. Later I will probably be getting subscriptions for several other inmates of other places, after we win approval of its acceptance.

I would like to ask you if, so far, you have found it possible to offer a reduced rate, or "at cost" rate to gay prisoners, as the Advocate has done. Or have a "prisoners fund" for contributions to supply subscriptions to prisoners unable to afford them. Many simply have no money, and are not allowed any way to earn any. Some can earn ten or twelve dollars a month, which does not go very far. The Advocate is important to Gay prisoners because it is a good way to learn what is going on in their world. But IN TOUCH can be even more important,

because one picture is worth a thousand words. There is no substitute for seeing. Perhaps if you do not have any such prisoner aid program, it would be worthwhile considering the feasibility of doing so. Unless you have engaged in corresponding with inmates, or worked in those type programs you cannot imagine the horrors, mental and physical, inflicted on them by prison life. With all the prisoners I have known of, the first thing they buy when sent a few dollars, is . . . soap. They all say the prison soap is lye soap, and they cannot use it because it causes skin problems. Can you imagine yourself going for weeks and months and longer, without soap?

One other prisoner, a really great guy, for whom I have helped obtain an attorney for the first time, and a trial "date", went for five and a half months without shoes to put on his feet. Nothing but rubber thong shower sandals. Although he had shoes when he went in, they could not let him have them because of a technicality. He also had no belt to hold his pants up. No shorts, T-shirts, Sox or handkerchiefs, nor comb. I just can't imagine myself living like that for five months. So, IN TOUCH would certainly brighten their lives.

Sincerely,

Jack Corder

Dear Mr. Corder:

We are very conscious of the plight of gay prisoners. We would be happy to offer IN TOUCH at a reduced rate of \$12.00 a year to prisoners incarcerated in institutions where our publication has been formally approved as receivable. We would also welcome contributions for subscriptions to destitute gay prisoners. However, we would like to point out that rules on printed materials prisoners may receive vary from state to state, and we would appreciate that donors check on censorship before initiating subscriptions which may be returned.

The letter that follows is from a gay prisoner. We have done very little editing so that none of its meaning will be lost. We urge our readers to answer this man's

poignant plea for what should be the most normal of human considerations: a little common charity and understanding.

—ED.

Dear Editor:

I am typing this letter to let you know something about myself and to inform you that I have read your magazine that you put out for it has some good points to help out gay brothers out in society and the gay Prisoners that are lock up in prisons too.

My name is Donald A. Morse, age 34 years of age, single, hazel eyes, an salt an pepper hair, 5'11" tall. I have been lock up in this hospital since 1962, for I did nine months here before I was return to court, an I pled not guilty by the reason of insanity an was return back here on May 21, 1963, for my charges were kidnapping an strang arm robbery, but now they are drop since I come back here in 1963.

I'm a Gay Prisoner Lock up in Atascadero Maximum Security hospital an the security guards here run this place like a prison.

I would like to know if there is anyway you might be able to help out a gay prisoner lock up in the place that I am now in. A lot of gay brothers in society do not care a damn about there gay brothers being in lock up, for they have there own thing going for them and they claim that they do not have the time to help out one of there gay brothers that are lock up in this place or any place for that matter. Since I have been here a while I have had no kind of visits from my gay brothers in that so called society that is out there, for I feel that it is a cold world of gay brothers that are living in that society, as of today.

I wish that someone or anyone for that matter would try there best to come up here an visit me where I'm at an take time out to see if I might need anything from outside. For I'm broke in here an I do not have any funds of any type coming into me and I would appreciate all the help that any of my gay brother would like to do for me while I have to do dead time in this hospital. And I would like all the help that your magazine might be able to do for me while I'm being held against my Civil Rights in this hospital as a Gay Prisoner. For I would truly would like someone or any of my gay brothers to come up here to see me.



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KEEPING IN TOUCH / Continued

If any of my gay brothers would like to visit me here at the hospital we are allowed to have a visit every day of the week, on visit four hours a day. The way you get up here is travel on highway 101 until you come to a town name Atascadero, for the hospital is three miles from this town, and there are places to stay over night in the town of Atascadero.

I would like to say again I sure would appreciate all the help that you can give to me.

Sincerely yours,

Donald A. Morse

If anyone cares to correspond with Donald, his address is printed below:

Donald A. Morse
Drawer 'A'
Atascadero, Ca. 93422

Editor:

Dear Sir:

We read with a sense of discouragement Jim Kepner's account (IN TOUCH, 10/74) of the "admittedly gay computer scientist" who is fighting to regain his security clearance. Francis Tabler's decision to permit those responsible for his security clearance to pass judgment on his private sexual behavior as respects his fitness for government employment was misguided. Most men who are adjusted sexually feel no compulsion to publicly discuss their sex habits. Why should they? It is the sick and guilt-ridden who frequently do. Mr. Tabler's personal revelation was a set-back in the long and continuing fight for the right of sexual privacy. Many successful lawsuits have been fought on the principle that private sex acts are nobody's business — particularly in regards to protecting the rights of teachers and civil servants. Similarly, the important issue of Mr. Tabler's fitness for security clearance should not turn on an assumed relationship between blackmail susceptibility and consensual adult sexual conduct.

Discrimination in housing, employment, security clearance, etc. based on the notion of a collective homosexual identity is ridiculous and unenforceable. There is no

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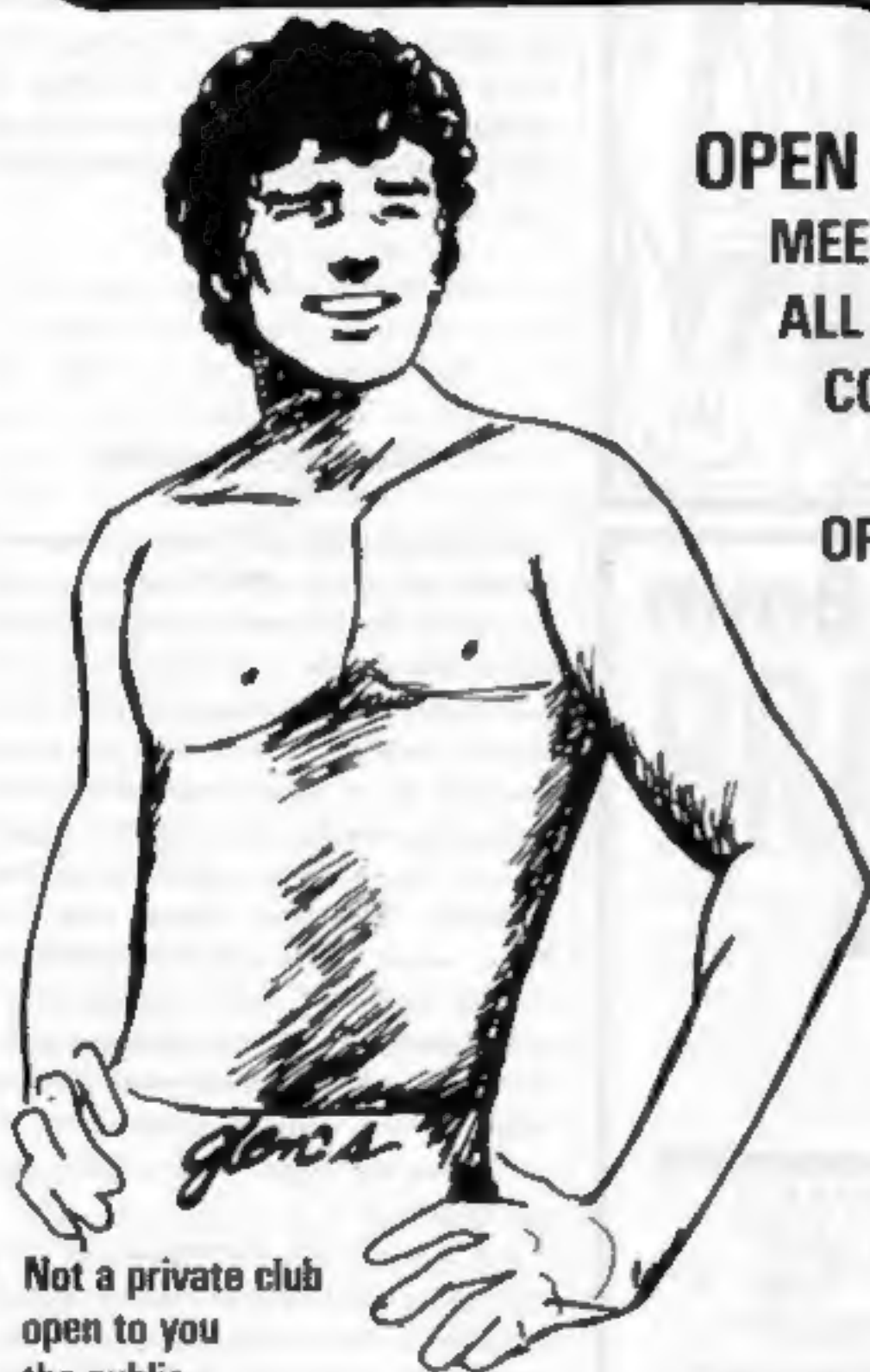
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KEEPING IN TOUCH / Continued

definitely, definable and distinct group of human beings as "homosexuals," set apart from the rest of the population, to discriminate against. The word "homosexual" describes sexual behavior and choices rather than persons. Thus, it has always been tacitly understood and generally accepted that a certain percentage of men working in security jobs — and in every other circumstance — are "homosexual."

Francis Tabler is to be criticized for submitting his private sexual behavior to government scrutiny and approval if it was his intention to strike a blow for sexual freedom. On the contrary, his actions were a sign of personal weakness. Sex is a matter of private conscience that needs no official endorsement of any sort. We don't have to qualify for the right to decide what kind of sexual practices we will or will not engage in, or what techniques we will use.

Cordially,

Don Slater

ANSWER TO DON SLATER

Don Slater's incessant and intemperate attacks on those who now carry the banner for Gay rights and dignity are an embarrassment to a movement he once contributed to. In the same mail with the above I received a carbon of his poison pen note to L.A. Councilman Ed Edelman, castigating him for accepting the support of such Gay activists as Pat Rocco, Dave Glascock, Jim Foster, myself and Troy Perry, whom Slater called shad-bellied.

Here he attacks Tabler (whose case is still pending, though the outlook is good) for doing what Slater himself formerly recommended: that all draftees tell the army they are homosexual whether they are or not.

But Don merely wanted to jolt loose privacy-infringing government regulations. He was not interested in helping Gays to live openly as Gays, for after 20 years in the movement he remains curiously ashamed of being homosexual, adamantly refusing to consider that any more than a matter of what you do in bed. In a recent newsletter he stated baldly that homosexual acts are perverted, but that since Kinsey had proven that 95% of men commit perverted acts of some sort, it's none of society's business what you do

in bed so long as you keep your shades drawn.

Come on Dan! Pull up your shades and stop reading Bergler and Bieber in bed. You once told me that a time of great progress for us was coming, and you didn't want to get left in the backwash. Well the time of progress has come, and you are in the backwash, but all you have to do to get out of it is to abandon the sometimes sick rationalizations we used 20 years ago.

—Jim Kepner

Gentlemen:

We enjoy your magazine very much. I am forty years old, Mexican and gay. I've been in California for at least twenty-five years and have yet to see any handsome Mexican young men in any of the gay or straight magazines that have nudes. Although Mexican gays have been in the closet for so long they haven't had a chance to be as bold as the Anglo and Black gays. But there are tremendous amounts of us — young and old — who are coming out in the open more and more, and we need badly to see other young Mexicans who are gay and proud. I hope you will do something about this. I've told at least ten Chicano gays that I was going to write you. They are doubtful about your response, but I think you will do something because we are all brothers and sisters no matter what color.

Thank you,

Edmundo Rejes

Dear Edmundo:

Thanks for writing. IN TOUCH plans to feature a Mexican model as one of our discoveries in the near future.

—Ed.

Editor:

I was down in L.A. last week and read your magazines in one of the bars. I thought it was one of the best of its kind. I just wanted to say Hi! Wish we had it in Vancouver.

Regards,

Unsigned from Vancouver.

If you have a friend in Vancouver, let him know that IN TOUCH is sold at Vancouver Mag., 3455 Garder Ct., Burnaby, B.C.

—Ed.

IN TOUCH, Vol. 2, No. 3



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In Touch with the stars

Sagittarius "THE OPTIMISTIC ARCHER"

You'll probably find Christmas season full with activity. Aspects indicate you'll probably be feeling more optimistic and stronger now. However take special precautions against overindulgence in drugs and alcoholic drinks, try to be moderate to avoid illness. Venus transits

may perk up your love life, brightening the holidays with a fresh new romance. Likewise with Uranus new position your social life will take a new direction. So prepare yourself because you may be meeting many far out interesting people during these last days of the year.

First Decan November 23rd to December 3rd

Santa Claus may bring many early Sagittarians a good looking guy to warm up those Christmas days. Though be stable, dreamy Neptune over your Sun can cause you to envision fairy tale illusions. Furthermore many of you early Sagittarians will be aware of a robust

change in your social affairs and friendships. Be prepared for an invigorating month ahead, when you'll feel a tremendous new confidence in yourself. Probably more confident than you have felt in a long time.

Second Decan December 4th to December 14th

Venus this month, will be making powerful aspects to your Sun. This effect can cause you to have an intense desire to dress better by purchasing new clothes, try new hairstyles. In other words, this is a favorable time to make improvements with your physical appearances. So go

ahead and try new styles of clothes it wouldn't hurt. Romance may also enter your life. Planetary aspects show you can meet a guy whom can cuddle you with affection. So welcome any advances with warmth now.

Third Decan December 14th to December 23rd

You late Sagittarians may find yourself more mentally than physically active this Christmas. It's an extremely favorable period to catch up on correspondence to old friends, also to read some new novels.

Gentle Venus presently will be making ideal aspects to your Sun. So if you're still waiting for a certain guy, Christmas may bring the opportunities to meet him.

Capricorn "THE AMBITIOUS GOAT"

Drastic and abrupt changes lie ahead as Uranus moves into its new position this December. These changes will greatly influence your social life. You probably now can meet many new interesting variety of people. However Cappy, on the whole this particular month will be full of rather

tranquil and serene moments. It is an excellent time to catch up on your studies. So utilize this time constructively by reading new intellectual material. Knowing most Capricorns you can utilize nearly anything for your advantage.

Aquarius "THE LOVER OF LIFE"

The main concern this month for most Aquarians is to be involved in social activities. You may find yourself visiting many friends, getting out of your home more often, going to many parties and celebrations. It should be an interesting

Christmas where you have many opportunities to form fascinating friendships. Invigorating changes, may begin this month which may effect your career in the future, so watch this area of life carefully now.

Pisces "THE DREAMER"

During December Pisces you may find yourself unusually full of nervous energy, especially concerned about your career. There are possibilities you may obtain a promotion in your work, which can be beneficial. However it can give you greater responsibilities which can cause

you new pressures. This month Pisces, you also may meet a guy who can keep you emotionally interested. Though don't dream yourself into an illusion expecting a lasting relationship. It may develop, though don't push it or you'll lose him.

Aries "THE ADVENTURER"

A favorable Christmas is ahead for you fiery Arians. Your main interest this month will focus on your education. It's a great time to travel with transiting Venus trine to your Sun. Then don't be surprised to meet a handsome guy to charm you off your

feet. However be cautious and patient with him. One warning Aries, watch your working conditions carefully, there are strong possibilities that abrupt changes will occur.

Taurus "THE DETERMINED ONE"

During December you practical Taurians should try to pay off any old debts you owe others. New problems and sudden situations concerning other finances will require your devoted attention. However you may gain some extra

cash because of helping other people. Prepare yourself for sudden changes in your close relationships. Try to prepare to handle your lovers positively giving them more freedom to help maintain your affair.

Gemini "THE VERSATILE TWINS"

Gemini, now is the time you must begin to seriously concentrate on your relationships. There are strong tendencies for you flighty Geminis to be involved in another romantic affair. It seems as if you'll get a chance to try to be faithful to

your lovers. If you meet this new guy try to be faithful to him, enable to form a good relationship. This is a good time to save and accumulate money to build up resources. So try to be practical in order to improve conditions in your life.

Cancer "THE EMOTIONAL CRAB"

You sensitive Cancerians will be working extra hard this Christmas, however you may obtain a raise from it. Your health should be basically good at this time. Though take extra precautions to avoid getting minor illnesses as colds. This

will basically be a quiet month, an excellent time to start new artistic projects. Also you may find yourself going to many theaters and shows relaxing after your hard days of work.

Leo "THE PROUD LION"

Many Leos will "ROAR THEMSELVES WITH TREMENDOUS FEELINGS" of ecstasy this Christmas. Don't be surprised if you find yourself meeting a cute guy to give you company around Christmas eve.

This can be gratifying month when you Leos may find yourself entertaining many friends. A lively month is in store for you though still watch your temper and be peaceful.

Virgo "THE NATURAL"

If you have been thinking of moving lately you may finally get enough energy to get up and go. The aspects are favorable for you to find a new home, to redecorate your rooms or buy new furniture. Prepare yourself for an active month ahead. Virgo though do not let

minor upset worry you. It seems your love life will perk up but do not fall into any wishful thinking. He may just be another one night stand. However you can always change the situation to try at least to become friends.

Libra "THE BALANCED ONE"

This may be a quiet tranquil time for most Libras. It will be a pleasant time when you may finally get to see your relatives. The main interest may be on your mail and intellectual activities. It is an

excellent time to catch up on your writing and studies. You may also be making more money though it will be difficult to save now, with Christmas spending. So enjoy the shopping spree.

Scorpio "THE MYSTERIOUS"

Many Scorpions born in late October will be going through heavy and dramatic personality changes. There are strong tendencies for your temper to flare into boiling lava, so cool those hot Scorpion

moods. This month you may be concentrating much on your finances. Be prepared to gain some extra cash flow. You probably will need it now, so try to save a little if you can.

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IN TOUCH comments

Many Gays suffer acute agony each time a film or TV villain is identified as homosexual — a frequent occurrence recently — and many of our prime activists are equally mortified whenever certain mincing comedians put in an appearance on, say, the Phyllis Diller show, or when shaggily-haired, funkily-dressed hip types appear on talk shows as spokesmen for the entire Gay community.

Our objectors see this as a deliberate attack by the studios on their self respect as Gays, and I would be the last to deny that some individuals portrayed on certain TV shows or in films are unflattering, to say the least. Nor would I deny that some people in the audience are likely to draw a conclusion (which these shows are only occasionally guilty of drawing) that "all Gays are like that."

My own judgement may perhaps be warped by memories of the days when we were glad to be mentioned at all on the screen, but all the same I often think that some of my fellow activists lack a sense of humor, or of perspective.

The necessary pressures applied by the Gay Media Task Force against producers and distributors of films and TV programs started with some valid objections. We have suffered both from media sins of omission and sins of commission. Many comedians do put Gays down. Our brief and infrequent appearances on the 6 O'clock news are frustratingly incomplete, without context, and often unintentionally distorted. And some suspense films have pandered dangerously to public homophobia — though the opposite is more often true: that the story-line discourages the homophobia expressed by one or two characters. And the fact that the Gay cause is often badly spoken for

on TV is less often the fault of unfriendly interviewers than of Gay "spokespersons" who rush to the camera before they know what they want to say or how to say it.

This writer participated in several meetings with network executives in which we sought to encourage a broader and fairer presentation of Gays on the media, particularly TV, which after all belongs to the public and is operated in trust by the licensees, who are required to serve the public interest. Gays are part of that public, and have a right to have their interests properly served. But it does not serve the interest of all Gays to demand, as some members of the Task Force have, that effeminate or unappealing Gays not be portrayed at all in TV shows. The theory is that if Mr. John Q. Public gets a glimpse of an effeminate Gay (particularly in a funny role) he will think all of us are like that. The theory is bullshit. Either Mr. Public (like Archie Bunker) already thinks that, and can't be shaken loose from his prejudices, or he isn't likely to jump easily on such stereotypes.

This opinion will certainly rub a lot of my readers the wrong way, for we Gays are no more free of prejudices than any other section of the public and our worst prejudices are against members of our own community. What some Task Force members were demanding under the guise of "improving the Gay image" as presented on the media was that the media adopt the personal bias which those Task Force members hold against other classes of Gays.

I suppose we will want to go through the period in which every Gay who appears in the public media will be to us what Sidney Poitier portrays for Blacks,

the straight-man's image of the "nice" Gay. Such presentations would indeed polish our image, but they would also become quickly boring because they finally present a phoney image. What we really need to push for is a more frequent and more varied presentation of Gays of all types; villains, heroes, fools and bystanders all mixed together.

Friends of mine objected loudly that the Visconti film "Ludwig" projected a bad image of the average Gay. It was not intended to portray the average Gay, and the type of dolt (if heterosexual) who would make that assumption wouldn't sit thru the film in the first place. Though there were things wrong with the film, due largely to editing done after Visconti's illness, it was a moving and generally accurate portrayal of one specific historic character, one who was agonized and fascinating, but never average. It is we Gays, not the keepers of media, who have to watch our tendency to stereotype ourselves as all being "nice guys" with suit and tie.

Everytime we look out of our own fog and see a Gay portrayed on the screen, or a Gay parading down the street, and we think, "that hurts my image," we are guilty of stereotyped thinking. The butch Gay projects the image of butch Gays. The drag queen projects the drag queen image. The suit-and-tie Gay banker projects a banker's image, without, unfortunately much Gayness about it, but it's his image, not mine, and he's welcome to project it. We don't want all Gays on the screen to be portrayed as mincing ribbon clerks, or as drag queens. Neither do we want them portrayed as either hip radicals or straight-laced banker types. We should even admit in honesty, if not in pride that some Gays are murderers . . . altho hats are more skilled in this department.

We want variety, not censorship, and when some members of the Task Force call for putting certain comics out of business, they are hurting rather than helping the cause of Gay freedom and dignity. Beware of Mrs. Grundy masquerading as a Gay spokesman.

The next time you see something on the box which you think offends Gays generally, by all means protest to the station and sponsor, but before you do, ask yourself if your protest is really in the direction of greater freedom for all Gays, or if it is a putdown of types of Gays you happen to dislike.

—JIM KEPNER



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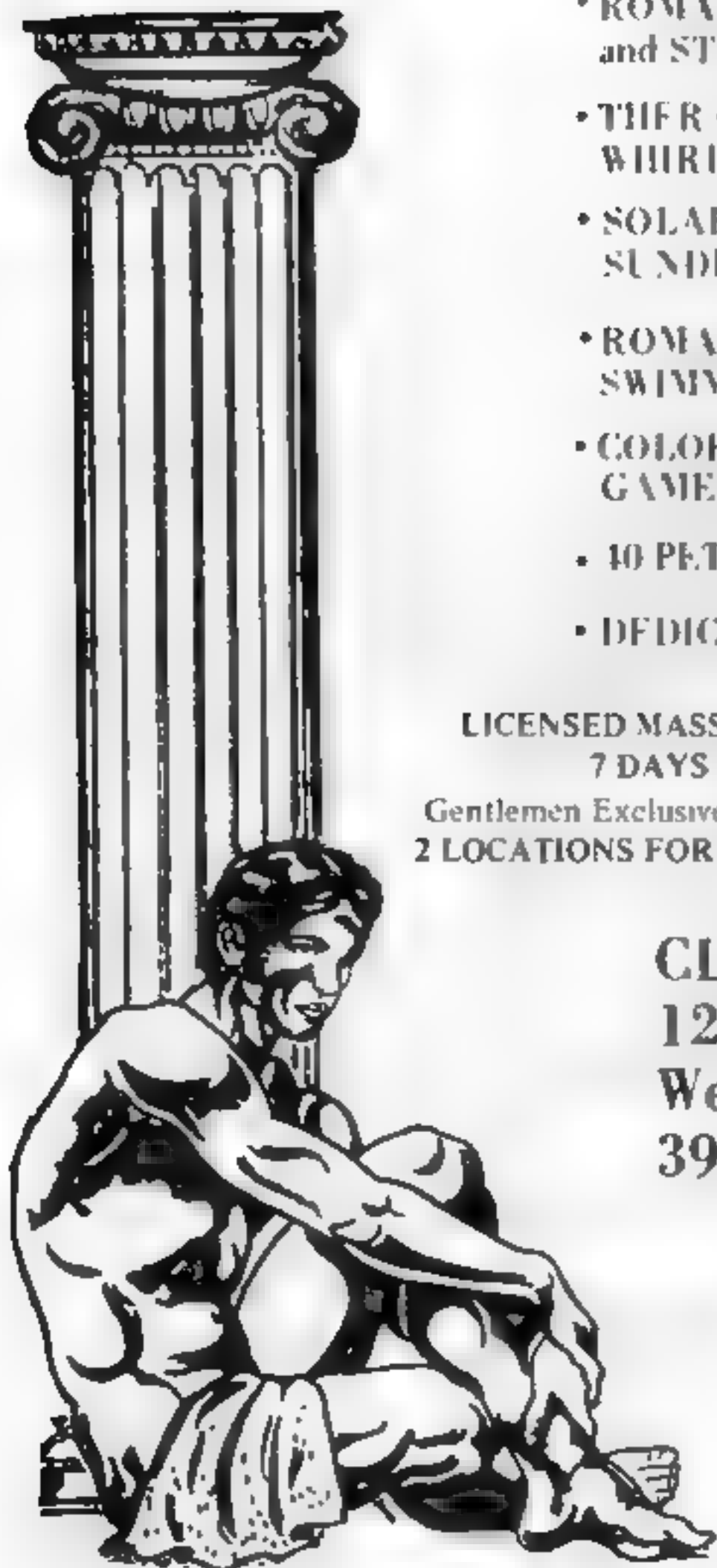
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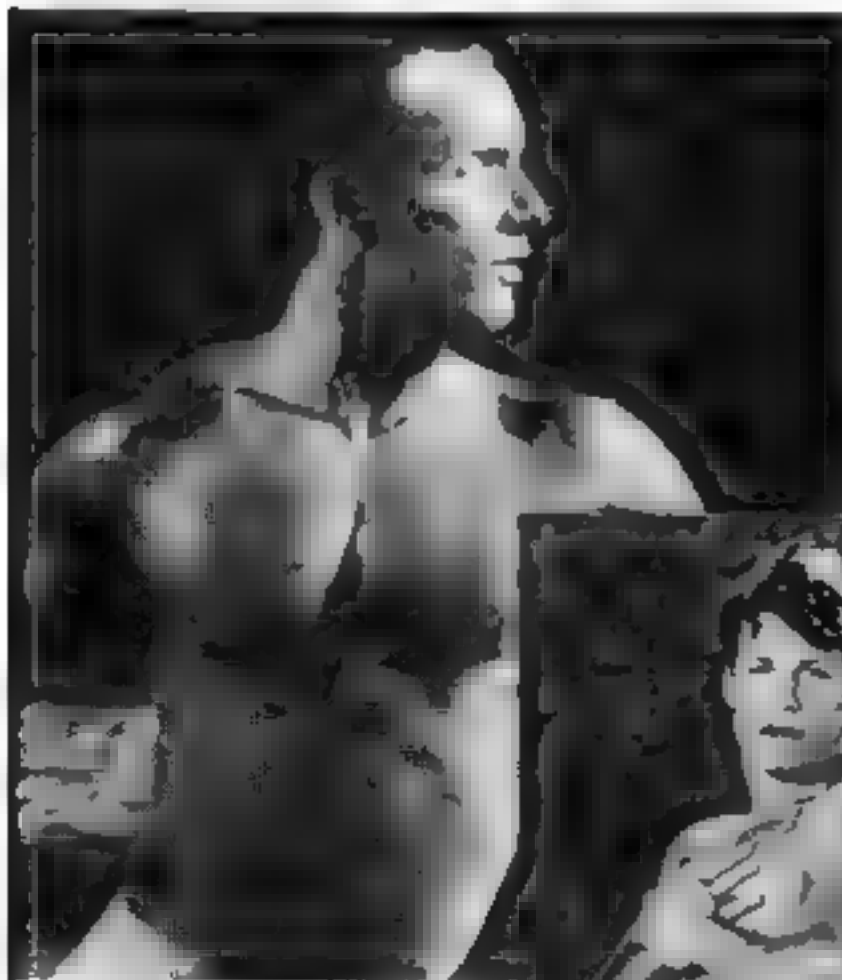


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personality

JOHN CALVIN

A REAL MIDNIGHT COWBOY

TEXT BY ALLAN LEOPOLD

PHOTOS BY HY CHASE



ORIENNE BARBEAU JOHN CALVIN STARRING BUS STOP JANE A JOHNSTON



John Calvin was bent over his dressing room washbowl, stripped to the waist, when I first set eyes on him off-stage. That far, he looked great and I wondered why director Leslie Cutler hadn't permitted him to show the audience his hidden talents. *Bus Stop* at the Off-Broadway Theatre in San Diego certainly needed all the help it could get.

Mr. Calvin straightened up and started to towel down.

"I've been waiting to do this part for so long I never had any doubts I would get it. I was on a sail boat for the Cinco de Mayo Newport to Ensenada boat races when I heard Tom Hartzog was looking for a Bo Decker. I called my agents, IFA, and instructed them to go after that role. They arranged an audition for the only time Mr. Hartzog was free: 2 A.M. at his home in Los Angeles."

At this point an enormous red Irish setter leaped off the floor, placed his paws on my shoulders and, with one swipe of his tongue, covered my face from my receding hairline to my manly, jutting jaw.

"Down, Banner!" Mr. Calvin commanded. "He likes people."

"I can see that," I observed, as I grabbed for my handkerchief in my hip pocket.

"He's two and a half, he's my doll and I go everywhere with him. I had a little itty-bitty kitten for two days but he was so insanely jealous I had to give the kitten away."

"Why do you call him Banner?"

"After the Red Banner of Change. I have a great admiration for Mao Tse Tung. I believe what is happening in China today is beautiful to behold. I think what is happening there is a giant step forward for mankind. Their nation a minimal education country, now has education available to the masses. There's no juvenile delinquency there. No drug problem. Mao has established universities in Peking and Shanghai. University professors must spend six months each year in a factory of their choice. They are not permitted to stay in their Ivory Towers. Eventually, I want to get to China and see for myself.

Just an inquiry into a dog's name unleashed all this? I was madly curious to find out what made John Calvin *think* this way. We repaired to a nearby bistro and he uncorked a background that is, far and away, the most astounding I have ever listened to from the mouth of any celebrity I have ever interviewed. Seated before me was an honest-to-God, *real-life* Midnight Cowboy.

"I'm a Sagittarius, born November 29, 1947, in New York. I have a sister six years older than I am, Helen LaVerne. We've always called her LaVerne because she hates the name Helen. Daniel is four years older and Jim is eleven years younger. Both Arthur, my father, and Alva, my mother, are social workers connected with the Red Cross. In fact, my whole family is into social work. My sister is in the Peace Corps and my older brother works in hospital administration in Washington, D.C. Both my parents have Master's degrees in social work from Columbia University. Through my literate background, conversation has always been easy for me.



"My family went to China when I was two and worked a year for the Red Cross in Mainland China under Chiang Kai Chek. They were run out by the communists who were taking over and they wanted all Westerners out. We returned to the U.S. and I was enrolled in the first grade in Wheeling, West Virginia. We lived high on a hill overlooking all of the Appalachians. Our house was nestled among a bunch of farms and for six years I reveled in that bucolic life. I felt in touch with Middle America. I could whoop and holler. But when Dad took a position as Executive Director of Social Services for the United Fund, we moved to Wilmington, Delaware. I felt

like a fish out of water there and didn't like Wilmington at all. Dad headed up the girl and boy scouts and juvenile correction homes. I was very skinny then and they always called me Straw because I was very gangly and I had a thatch of pale yellow on my head. I was very ill at ease because I could never live up to my father's expectations of me. I've always worn glasses. Onstage I wear contact lenses. I was never a school athlete. My coordination came later in life.

"I loved history and thought I'd like to become a teacher. Jody Ambersino taught me to think. He now is in the state legislature of Delaware and he's still a teacher. I really respect this wonderful man. I ran for student body president. I lost and, by default, became president of my senior class. I have a whole theory about people who peak early. People who have it right away never develop their personalities beyond

a certain point. But the ugly ducklings of this world continue to change and develop."

I glanced up from my note pad at Mr. Calvin dressed in tight Levi's and wearing very anti-Bo Decker glasses. His audience would *never* recognize him now in that outrageous pink T-shirt adorned with a cartoon character skunk pulled taut over tight pectorals. It was really a Jerry Clark get-up (my July IN TOUCH interview subject).

"I graduated from Mt. Pleasant High and my older brother and I began to clash. He was in the army and I joined the naval reserve. You can't have two brothers in the Combat Zone now after what happened to the Sullivan brothers. When he was scheduled to return from Vietnam I was scheduled to go in. I got out of it and never went, as I shall presently tell you, and he felt foolish over having gone into a war effort I disapproved of. My theme song has always been: 'People who need people are the luckiest people in the world.'

"My brother doesn't need people. I can't recall the times I've seen him smile. Anyway, when I was accepted at Princeton, my father made too much money for me to get a scholarship there and I didn't have enough money of my own to go. So I went to the University of Delaware. Dad said, 'If it's good enough for your brothers, it's good enough for you.'

"I've always had a rational family. There was never any room for rage in it. I love Dad now because he's finally upfront about what he felt all along. Now

I know what he's been really feeling all these years. And I look just like he did as a young man. My grandfather was a Baptist preacher, a bit wishy-washy I've heard. But there was never anything wishy-washy about Dad. He was a self-made man who disciplined himself and he was a stern disciplinarian. Many times I recall his marching me out to the woodshed. He was as hard on himself as he was on everybody else. My Norwegian mother had to put up with an awful lot from him and I guess what happened to the two of them was inevitable. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

"At the University of Delaware, I hated what I looked like. So I started to exercise furiously. I started playing basketball, touch football and Lacrosse. This is an Indian game you play with a racket with a net in it. It's played at all the hoity-toity prep schools in the east. Football players play it in the off-season.

"I started to learn how to dress. I began to learn how to handle myself in public situations and I began to grow into my body. It began to become mine. Before, it was a creature over which I had no control. But college was like a pressure cooker for me. My appearance was changing and I was discovering my sexuality. I outgrew my girlfriend. My college grades nosedived and I joined Sigma Nu. I was trying to live out a fantasy I thought would make me happy. I wore buttondown shirts, wingtip shoes, three-button suits and club ties. The whole Ivy League bit. Just like Cal Culver, another July IN TOUCH interview

subject.]

"I felt outclassed in my fraternity. There was a general hierarchy of those with savoir-faire and those without it. In February, 1967, I was thrown out of school and placed on disciplinary probation. A whole series of things happened to me within a period of one month. Every person I know and respect has had a very heavy crisis period in their lives where they were literally stripped naked. Only the great actors are great after great suffering. The great ones acknowledge their pain. For out of genuine pain, *something* is born.

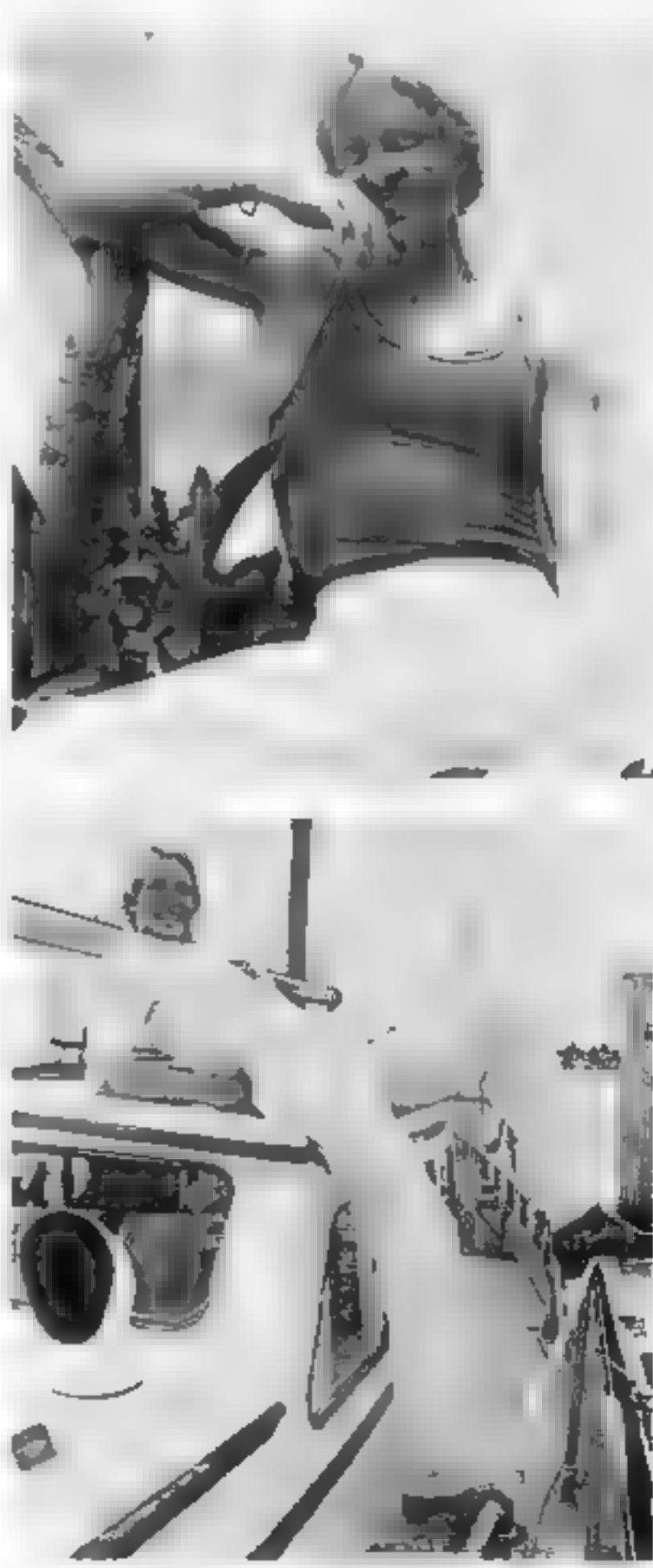
"I had an automobile accident, I was afraid I had fathered an illegitimate child and I lost \$500 I couldn't spare in a poker game with my fraternity. Suddenly, I was on a high debit tab. In

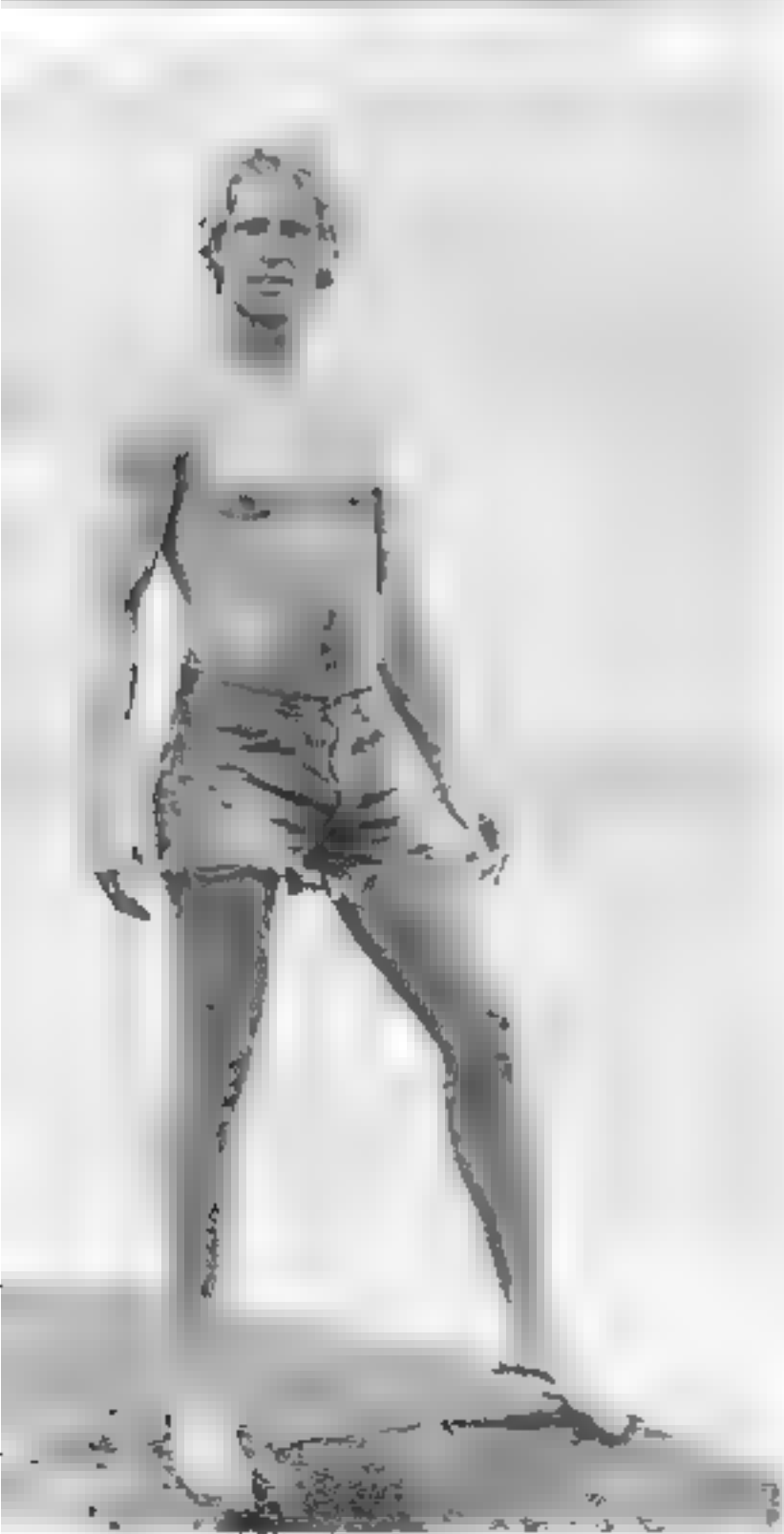
order to pay off my debts, I joined a ring of guys who stole books from the school bookstore and returned them for cash. I never had a career of thievery and, as is always the case, the first-time offenders are so stupid they get caught. I brought a bag of books for sale to the bookstore and, when I was given a slip of paper to sign, would you believe I signed my own name? I was caught red-handed. There was the evidence in black and white and the dean of men called me into his office and busted me. I was later told I was going to get probation but I thought, *What the hell, there's gotta be something better than this!*

Disgusted with college and with myself, I packed my bags and I left the campus. I went home and had a violent quarrel with my father. I told him what

I thought of my life and how he had raised me.

"I answered an ad in the paper for a driveaway car. I was 19. I had no money but I wanted to drive away as far as I could. I headed for Newport Beach. In my fantasy dream world I imagined I could get a job teaching sailing there. Driving across the country was suddenly a whole rebirth for me. I opened the car windows wide and sucked the fresh air deep into my lungs. The magnificent scenery of this great land of ours was a whole new trip. It was exhilarating to just sit back and let strange vistas slide by. Just the act of ordering a cup of coffee in a remote coffee shop was a catharsis for me. I was *doing* it! I was getting away from a past that was choking me. I was a caged animal set free. I was





living my own life. I had suddenly escaped from the glass bell I had been living in and I was on the road to *some where*, making my own decisions

"I drove for three days without stopping. I was supposed to drop the car off at Pasadena but I wanted to see Newport Beach first. I wanted to lie in the warm sand and let it tickle my bare toes. I wanted to watch the lazy surf roll in . . . and I dozed off

"I awoke with a crash of splintering wood and glass. I had driven my '65 Ford Galaxy through a mailbox and into a plate-glass window. Then I passed out. When I awoke again, I couldn't see. Finally, through a blur, I could make out that I was holding onto the cage that separates the back seat from the front seat of a police patrol car. I couldn't focus my eyes because one of my contact lenses had rolled behind an eyeball.

"And now I come to the most mystifying element of this whole business. This policeman didn't take me to jail. Instead, he paid for a motel room for me out of his own pocket. The car was fixed through the insurance and I was never held accountable for it. Even today, I can't figure this out. There I was in the Denver Motel in Redondo Beach. I had no money and no place to stay after that night. I didn't want to call my folks because of my pride

"The next day I was walking the streets looking for *anything*. I would have swept floors. I wound up at the Plush Horse Inn as a bellhop. I had to go out and buy a white shirt for the job so I went to the Goodwill and bought one for 50 cents. I had no place to stay so, for three days, I slept under the pier in Manhattan Beach. For food, I ate Ore-ole cookies. I can't even *look* at one today. Across the street, there was a spare-rib place. To survive, I would eat the spare-rib leavings from people who had finished with them. Whatever they hadn't eaten and left on the tables became dinner for me. I just wanted to stay alive

"One day I met a 35-year-old woman who took me in as her lover for the night. I was just a ratty little fart but she was having a birthday party and I guess I was her birthday present to herself. I remember that, instead of a cake, she made a turkey with marijuana stuffing. I didn't like the taste of it but I was

open to *anything* for survival. I wanted to exist anyway I could. I can still remember the high I got from that bird and I began to wonder what had I been missing

"This dame took my body and kicked me out the next day. I had had it with the pier and I was forced to look for an apartment. When I found a run-down joint in a crappy tenement, I still had no money to pay for it so, reluctantly, I pocketed my pride and I called my father. I asked, 'Dad, I'm broke and I'm starving. Could I borrow some money to pay a week's rent on an apartment here?' And he replied, 'God, John, where *are* you? Of course you can. Your mother and I have been *frantic* with worry over you.'

"I stood there a long time after he promised to wire me some money with the receiver still in my hand. It felt good to have folks that cared about me. I don't know how long I stood there but a lady knocking on the glass snapped me back into reality and I hung the receiver up.

"I moved in with just a duffel bag. No sheets. Nothing. I had to learn how to live like a human being all over again. I was no longer an animal rooting around in garbage cans.

"Across the hall lived a Mexican boy who befriended me. His name was Carlyle Diaz and I came to love him. He had a misshapen head because his father had kicked his mother in the belly when she was carrying him. God, you could write a whole novel on Carlyle! He was a regular at the Goodwill store and he taught me how to find bargains there. He showed me how to put four cans of kerosene under my bedposts to keep the cockroaches from crawling up. He loaned me silverware to eat with and he made little meals in his apartment for me. He turned me on to avocado sandwiches, which were his favorite. Even today, when I eat them, I cannot help but think of him. He never made it through the seventh grade but he taught himself five languages. He worked for National Car Rental moving cars around the airport. When we'd both get off work, we'd talk for hours in his little apartment. He moved to Utah and got a job in a copper mine there and we became fierce correspondents, each telling the other how our days were going. One day I got a letter from his wife up there

to find me he had died in a mine cave-in. I was working for Rags for Men then, making good money, and I cried for days. I couldn't bear Redondo Beach anymore. The memories of Carlyle were too strong for me. So I bought a '56 Ford convertible for \$75. It was lovely. Pink and white. I love convertibles and I drove to Hollywood.

"I landed a job on the Boulevard selling clothes at the Towne Shop. It was 1968 and I started meeting people in the entertainment industry. They were fascinating. I lived on Cherokee and watched the whole damn parade go by and lived it up. Stupidly, I was able to save no money. One day I received notice in the mail that my naval reserve status was about to be activated. I quit my job, got into my pink-and-white convertible, and took off to see some more of the country I had missed the first time. I headed for the Mardi Gras in New Orleans. And all along the way I was the best sightseer this country ever had.

"In Tombstone, Arizona, I ran out of money, a regular condition of my life. I got a job pulling weeds in Boot Hill Cemetery there. Eventually, I chugged into New Orleans. The Mardi Gras was in full swing. I let my hair grow long and I sported a walrus mustache. I got me an old oatmeal can and started to play the guitar on street corners. The donations were paltry and, after a whole day of playing and singing my heart out, I'd wind up with a half-dozen quarters in the can. Friends I met bought a side of beef and I tried to sell street sandwiches. I flopped there too and my car crapped out. Before long, I was bumming around again, living from hand-to-mouth. I decided to return home and see my folks before the navy took me. I was overdue, AWOL and they were looking for me. In a symbolic ritual, I posed for the newspapers with my father cutting my long hair. He still has a picture of it.

"And, suddenly, there I was in the navy. Short hair and no longer free to do what I wanted to do or to be what I wanted to be. I hated it. I was in San Diego being trained to be a medical corpsman at the Balboa Naval Hospital. They shipped me off to the Chelsea Naval Hospital in Boston, Massachusetts. I was there for several months and bought my first motorcycle from my



pay. In November, 1968, I got my orders to go with the 9th Marine Amphibious Assault Group to Vietnam and I decided I wasn't going to go. There were several ways open to me for getting out of the service. I wrote to the Svensk Film Institut in Stockholm and they turned me down because they didn't want Americans. Another way was acid flashbacks from LSD. A third way was to declare myself homosexual. A fourth way, the path I finally took, was to prove to them I was a genuine sleepwalker.

"One night I tore apart a pillow and I was crying hysterically when they turned on the lights. I said, 'Oh, pardon me,' and feigned surprise about being awakened. The following night I woke at 4 A.M. and walked past the master-at-arms, the commanding officer's home and past the night sentry into downtown Chelsea. I started up over the Mystic River bridge in my underwear at that hour in the morning. It was November, freezing cold. Of the 240 corpsmen that subsequently went, 60 were dead or wounded in four weeks. Not very good odds. The military police picked me up and returned me to the emergency ward. Dr. Prybiski, officer of the day, said, 'Straw, what are you doing? What's going on?' I replied, 'I'm not a nut. I'm concerned about my orders and I was walkin' in my sleep.' 'Straw, just between you and me, we'll forget this ever happened.'

"So it all availed me nothing. I now had to resort to desperate measures. The following night I went into the head with a Schick razor blade. I sat for a

half hour talking to myself and then I cut the back of my head. I rolled trash cans down the stairs to wake the whole barracks and they found me lying in a pool of blood, feigning unconsciousness, at the foot of the stairs. I was stitched up under orders of the officer of the day. It required six stitches and I was placed in Ward C, a psychiatric ward, for observation. I had achieved my goal because that's where I wanted to be all along. So there I was in a ward with a bunch of genuine loonies. To insure my sleepwalking charge, I would do a little song and dance in the middle of the night. I made certain it was duly recorded by the night corpsman who happened to be a confidant of mine and who eventually got out of the service in exactly the way I did. I spent my twenty-first birthday in the psychiatric ward. On December 18, 1968, I got an honorable discharge for chronic somnambulism. I was free.

"I mounted my motorcycle in Boston in the dead of winter and drove south through New York City, through Philadelphia and on to Delaware to see my folks. I decided to go to UCLA. I knew Los Angeles and I wanted to go to a prestigious school in California. To get the money, I got a job at the Phoenix Steel Corporation in Claymont, Delaware. They manufacture huge plates of steel to build ships with. I worked in the steel mill for five months and became a member of the United Steel Workers of America. I used a pneumatic grinder and I guess that helped to build up my body. Eventually, I became a crane operator, made excellent money and saved

Continued on Page 66

THE GAY WAR ON V.D.

TEXT BY ALLAN LEOPOLD

PHOTOS BY HY CHASE

Three leaders of the gay community with vision, foresight and humanity, have created the Gay Community Service Center at 1614 Wilshire Boulevard in Los Angeles. In appearance they strongly resemble the Smith Brothers, as they all sprout bushy, black beards. But there the resemblance ends. For, rather than give you cough drops when you visit the venereal disease clinic, they will doubtless tell you to drop your pants and cough. Don Kihfner is the director of the clinic which has turned into a full-time job. One of the original leaders in the Gay Liberation Movement, he is an indefatigable person whose working day stretches from sun-up to sun-down. Ken Bartley is the Administrative Director of the entire center and he oversees the smooth running operation of the many rap groups that meet in the adjoining two buildings also owned by GCSC. The budget for the past fiscal year was approximately \$67,000. Enric Morel is director of Gay Outreach. The Center was originally founded in April of 1971 to meet the very real need of Gays for counselling, for help in obtaining legal advice when arrested and for guidance upon leaving jail. The present building was acquired in October of that year largely through the combined effort of such dedicated people as these three gentlemen and Steve Beckwith, Ron Schrader, June Hurley, Morris Knight and John Platonis. Right now a staff of 250 workers toil behind the scenes. The center is maintained through the donations received from concerned members of the gay community.

Editor: "When was the V.D. Clinic officially established?"

Bartley: "October 9, 1972. Without any prior advertising, we opened with twelve patients."

Editor: "Why did you decide to open a gay V.D. clinic when there are so many county health clinics in operation?"

Bartley: "There are a lot of reasons for that. Listening to gays talk about the kind of treatment they had been receiving, and the special health care needs of gay people. We opened this clinic to take care of those very real needs."

Editor: "Where do the doctors come from who work here?"

Bartley: "They are all volunteers and they come from all over the city. A great many of them are gay."



Clinic director Don Kihfner and his controversial Gay V.D. circular

Editor: "Where does the medication come from?"

Bartley: "We have a \$10,000 contract with the county of Los Angeles."

Editor: "Are you subjected to periodic inspections?"

Bartley: "Yes. Like any other licensed operation, we must conform to standards."

Editor: "Can you give me an estimate of the number of people you have treated since you opened the clinic two years ago?"

K. Ihefner: "About 8,000 in both the Men's and Women's clinics."

Editor: "Do you get much recidivism?"

K. Ihefner: "I'm not sure what you mean by that. We encourage men to come back routinely every two or three months for syphilis and gonorrhea cultures. We must be careful that we don't fall into the heterosexual traps that have been laid for us. I think that one of the things that characterizes the gay community is that gay males are more sexually liberated than their non-gay brothers. They are not afraid of sex and one of the things that comes along with a more free and open sexual lifestyle is more exposure to V.D. But I hope gay people are going out and having fun and enjoying themselves as much as they can. For now they have a non-judgemental place where they can come to get some of their sexual problems answered."

Morella: "I think one of the key reasons for this clinic is because of the presumptive attitudes prevalent in the county clinics. If a man came in with V.D. it was presumed that he contacted it through a heterosexual liason. Therefore, anal cultures were not taken as a matter of course. Throat cultures were not taken either. If he were liberated enough not to be fearful of the consequences, a fuss was often made. I can cite you an example. A friend of mine went to Kaiser for an anal V.D. check. The doctor was non-plussed as to the request and asked: 'Now why would you ask for that?' And my friend replied: 'Because I'm gay!'"

"The doctor took out his file and wrote in large letters across the front of it CONFESSED HOMOSEXUAL. This is the kind of treatment gays can expect to receive in non-gay institutions. In this society gay people have been the invisible people. They have been ignored. No services have been provided for us."

K. Ihefner: "Ten years ago the Los Angeles Health Department knew that the

incidence of V.D. was much greater in the gay community. They knew there was a pandemic of V.D. there and they did absolutely nothing about it. In some societies, this could be construed as criminal behavior. To know there is a severe health problem and to totally ignore it. These are some of the reasons we opened our clinic. They told us it wasn't needed. There are plenty of county clinics and Free Clinics, they said. Yet every night since we opened we have been treating from fifty to sixty people. We have been successful because we realized what the problem was. Gays need specialized services: counselling, couples guidance, prisoner services, alcoholism . . . right down the list."

"We have just received a grant of \$130,000 from the U.S. Public Health Ser-

vice to inaugurate an innovative program dealing with V.D. in the gay community. This is the first time this has ever been done. This will allow us to set up a mobile health unit out in the field in places like the Bath Houses. Beginning the middle of November, Enric and I are going to various locations for the purpose of testing for V.D. right at the source."

Editor: "You have my applause on that. But, I seem to remember men in white coats at one time doing that very thing. They, subsequently, disappeared."

K. Ihefner: "The county tried this but those they sent lacked the expertise and knack for winning the confidence of Gays. We hope our results will be copied elsewhere around the country."

Editor: "When you interview, you're not primarily interested, Sherlock Holmes



Gay Community Services administrator, Ken Bartley, in his Wilshire office

style, in tracking down those responsible for spreading disease, are you?"

Kilhefner: "We would like to obtain that information, if possible, but only without embarrassment to the patient seeking treatment. If he wishes, he may use a phoney name. Only he must remember that name and use it on the telephone when he calls in for the results of his cultures. We tell him: 'We understand the dynamics of Gay Oppression in this society and we're not going to take it out on you. On the other hand, if you're comfortable in naming your contacts, please feel free to do so, and bear in mind that the old policies of the past (the County following up on those contacts and proceeding to stigmatize individuals responsible) will no longer take place.' With our new program, we are going to hire Gays to do the follow-up work and everything will be done efficiently, with understanding. All we are interested in is stamping out the disease. Human beings and their sensitivities are of primary importance to us."

Editor: "Are there other Gay V.D. Clinics operating around the country in the manner you are so successfully innovating here?"

Kilhefner: "Yes. In Chicago they have Gay Horizons. In San Antonio they have a gay clinic operating out of the Free Clinic there. In Cincinnati, they have something called Gay Saturdays. In Washington D.C. they have one evening a week allotted to gay services only. A gay clinic is in the planning stage for San Diego, New Orleans, Berkeley and New York. So what is happening here is having an effect throughout the country. What we have is tantamount to a Gay Hothouse. We probably have the highest concentration of gay theoreticians, gay workers and gay intellectuals that have ever been assembled in any one place to work together since Ancient Greece. Never before in history have gay people been able to look forward to gay medical services. We're not going to reach every gay person who has V.D. but right now, in

1974, we're reaching a lot more people than was ever thought possible in 1970. A pattern has started. Never before have gay people dealt with the politics of gay health care. We must keep this historical perspective in mind. For we are, after all, still pioneers in this field.

I think another factor is important. The gay community is, basically, a poverty community. The great majority are either poor or working people and this means that most of us simply do not have the money it would cost to seek private medical help. If I went to a physician it would cost me up to thirty or forty-five dollars. I cannot afford that and I think one of the attractions of this center is that all of the services are free. Gays can come here with a need and it is served. If you can make a donation, fine. If you can't, no one will bother you about it."

Editor: "I understand that gay men who come here are treated only by men and women only by women. Is that true?"

Kilhefner: "That's right. Gay women habitually feel oppressed by men. So here we make them feel comfortable by providing them with a staff that can attend to their individual needs exactly as they would wish it. By the same token, the men at the center really feel it important (as gay men) to deal with our oppression collectively as men. We want to be able to work together as GAY men. We feel there is a political reason as to why we have a men's clinic run by men and a women's clinic run by women."

Editor: "Percentage-wise, do you have as many women patients as men?"

Kilhefner: "Not really. The Women's Clinic is open two nights a week. Tuesday and Thursday evenings from 6 until 9. V.D. is not a major problem in the women's community. It is, however, in the men's. In the women's community, it's gynecological concerns. Family planning concerns. Their examinations take a lot longer so they're seeing approximately ten people each evening as opposed to say, 60, in the men's division.

Beginning November second, we are receiving a grant of \$34,000 from the California Regional Medical Programs to allow us to broaden the scope of our medical services. We are going to attempt to branch out into other areas. If a person has the flu, upper respiratory infections, athlete's foot or what have you, he may come in to the clinic."

Editor: "What medication do you use here for treating V.D.?"



Enrico Morello interviews patient on first visit to clinic

Kilhefner: "According to the stage of the disease, we use penicillin, biocillin, vibramycin. It varies."

Editor: "Are you able to treat people with Hepatitis?"

Kilhefner: "I'm glad you brought that up. At this point we don't treat that. But, when we get into general medicine, we plan to. For Hepatitis is a major problem in the gay community. At this point I would say Hepatitis is more of a gay health problem than it is a non gay problem. In Los Angeles County, all of the Hepatitis cases are kept down at John Wesley Hospital. Every time I go there to visit patients more than half of the beds are filled with gay men. The reason I know this is they all recognize me and they call me over to talk to them. So I'm glad you brought this up. Hepatitis is a major problem in the health of the gay community and nothing is being done about it. We plan to focus on Hepatitis here in the very near future."

Editor: "I think this is very important work, for very dear friends of mine have died from Hepatitis."

Kilhefner: "I call that genocide. When gay brothers and sisters are dying and their deaths are largely ignored. And let me bring up the subject of Pharyngeal Gonorrhea or Gonorrhea of the throat. It is very common to gay people and yet, when you go into any county health clinic, a throat culture is never taken. You have to ask for it. When we were preparing our V.D. pamphlet for distribution in regard to our clinic facilities, we made specific mention of throat cultures. When the County Health Department read it they immediately called us and requested that this reference be deleted at once. We, of course, refused. Their position is, of course, that they are not set up for throat cultures and, consequently, the dissemination of this material will cause an examination to become popular for which they have not prepared themselves. Rather than deal with a very vital issue, they would prefer to ignore it. Ergo, don't tell anybody about it and perhaps it will cease to exist."

Editor: "How would a person be aware he has gonorrhea of the throat?"

Kilhefner: "By a throat culture. Every two or three months a gay person should be going to a clinic, asking for a blood test to determine whether he has syphilis. A penile culture, an anal culture and a throat culture should be taken."

Editor: "Have you ever had anyone

come in here with tertiary syphilis?"

Kilhefner: "Yes. I can go into a story right now that highlights a need for a clinic like ours. When the facility was open for just a short time, we received a call from the Suicide Prevention Center. We work very closely with them. They told us there was a man contemplating suicide and he needed help. They felt there were homosexual overtones in regard to his problem and he was put in touch with us. As it turned out, he is a distinguished professor at one of the local universities. He's heterosexually married with children, 45 years of age, and I knew him through my own connection with that university. Periodically he visits a gay bath house, although he is very much in the closet. While at the bath house, he contacted anal gonorrhea which almost destroyed him. He was ashamed to admit this to anyone. He was fearful of going to the medical facility connected with the university because of the anal infection. He had the discharge. He had all the symptoms and he couldn't bring himself to seek treatment. I suppose he envisioned that anal gonorrhea would be detected and ADMITTED HOMOSEXUAL would be stamped across his record. So he did nothing and the disease got progressively worse. It developed into crippling arthritis. He had increasing difficulty walking and it got to the point that any movement at all was excruciatingly painful. But the spectre of admitting to anyone that he had had anal intercourse with a man was even a more difficult alternative. He became more and more debilitated both emotionally and mentally. It finally drove him to the point of contemplating suicide because he felt there was no one with whom he could share this dreadful, very personal information."

Editor: "It's incredible that a college professor could be so inward."

Kilhefner: "Well, this tells us something about Gay oppression and Homophobia. When we talked to him we asked him to come in to the clinic. He said he couldn't walk. He had no friends he could rely on to bring him and he couldn't bear to have his family know anything about his problem. We concocted a scheme for him to arrange a specific night for his wife and children to be away from his house. We drove out there, picked him up, carried him to the car, brought him down here, examined him, carried him back to the car and drove him home, with a battery of medications he was to take



(Above) A volunteer laboratory technician extracts blood from a patient, while, below, the volunteer doctor prepares an ana culture.



secretly. Over an eight-month period that arthritic condition gradually disappeared. Now this man is fine and is no longer suicidal."

"This sort of thing happens frequently at our clinic. Only, up to now, we haven't talked about it. And let me draw your attention to another sorry fact of life. Should someone with a more extroverted personality than this college professor visit a heterosexual clinic and be diagnosed to have anal gonorrhea, that appears against his name and his insurance company automatically cancels his insurance."

Editor: "What about the future of this center?"

Kilhefner: "We're looking for new and larger quarters. We want to expand so we can help more people who come to us. Right now we have volunteer workers who have an incredible commitment of love and faith in what we're doing. We have a

Continued on Page 70.

pyramids, palms and blue-green sea

BY DOUGLAS DEAN



Tino, of Acapulco, one of the models in Douglas Dean's *Gay Mexico* I

Let me start right off by saying that there is no gay life in the Yucatan as we know it in the United States or, for that matter, as it exists in the larger cities in Mexico. This doesn't mean, however, that a vacationer shouldn't go there or that he can't enjoy himself in Mayan country. There are beautiful sights to see, the people are warm and friendly, and adventure may be found where one least expects it.

There will be a big boom in the Yucatan and Quintana Roo territory during the next twenty years. The beginnings of this boom are already evident. A pulse is beating with more and more excitement. The traveler who visits this area right now has an opportunity to enjoy the delights of a ground which is still unspoiled, virgin country such as Acapulco or Puerto Vallarta must have been thirty or forty years ago.

For those who have limited time as well as limited budget, I recommend a triangular journey to the three most prominent spots in the area — the city of Merida, the enchanting little island called *Isla Mujeres* (Island of the Women) and the larger, more sophisticated island of Cozumel. Both of these latter places are just a short distance from the coast.

Although the gay action there is *muy cubierto* (very covered) Merida is one of the friendliest cities I've ever visited. It takes a little time to get the tempo of the place (I advise a stay of at least four or five days to catch the rhythm) but once you're acclimated and clued in to the scene, it's full speed ahead. The *zocalo* (main plaza) and the sidewalk cafes — especially an ice cream store called *Dulceria Colon* (facing the plaza) are excellent places to *fichar* (to cruise or get acquainted). Don't worry if you can't speak Spanish. It's a help, of course, if you can, but the boys frequently speak enough English to more than handle the situation. (Certain ways of communicating are international!) The Merida *zocalo*, incidentally, with its giant trees and quaint stone Victorian style love seats, is one of the most charming and beautiful plazas in all of Mexico.

Budget hotels in Merida, where you can get a room at 50-75 pesos a night (between four and eight dollars) with air-conditioning always an extra 20 pesos, include the Hotel Caribe, the Hotel Flamingo and the Hotel Lord. You don't need addresses. Any cabbie knows where they are and can get you there. Better class hotels include the Panamericana and the Maria del Carmen, where rooms will cost 176-200 pesos a night (twelve to sixteen dollars). All of these hotels are just a short distance from *el centro*, the downtown area, the shopping district and the *zocalo*, where you'll no doubt spend much of your time.

There are no gay bars, as such, in Merida, but there is a bar-restaurant called the Yanalun on Calle 63, between 62 and 64, one block from the *zocalo*, where many gay guys go. (Incidentally, the street numbering system here might confuse you at first. Streets going in one direction are even-numbered — 62, 64, 66, etc. — while cross streets are odd-numbered — 61, 63, 65, etc.) I have been told that good contacts can also be made at the following night-spots: *La Trava* (Hotel Merida) *Mural* (Panamericana) *El Conquistador* (Hotel Paseo de Montepa) and the *Maya*

Excelsior

My own most satisfying experiences in Merida have resulted from encounters in the *zocalo* (Ernesto, a 20 year old university student) or from arranged introductions. Carlos, 23, another student, was introduced to me only three hours before I checked out of my hotel to go to the airport on one occasion. (That didn't prevent me from using the room well during those last three hours!) We have since kept up a steady correspondence, and I have seen him again on other trips. Gay action, even though *cubierto*, occurs as much in the Yucatan as anywhere else.

When the Spanish conquered Mexico in the early sixteenth century, they destroyed many of the ancient temples, landmarks, and sometimes complete cities. Merida was built over the remains of an old Mayan community. It now boasts a population of 250,000.

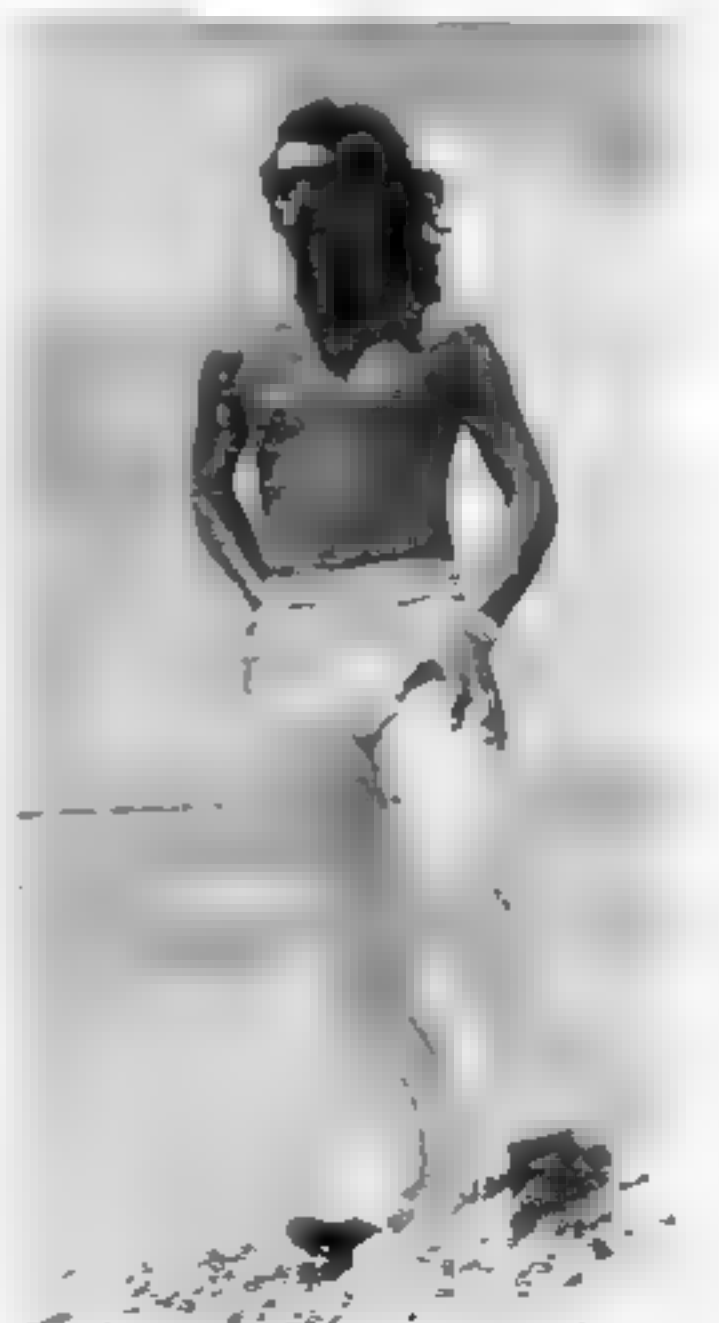
During the last half century archaeologists have unearthed the ruins of many ancient cities, places vacated at the onslaught of the Spanish or for reasons which nobody knows. The most famous of these sites are Chichen Itza and Uxmal, although there are many smaller, less impressive ruins, and others are being discovered all the time. You will taste the salt of your own sweat, climbing around large pyramids and exploring tunnels and delving into tombs, if you choose to explore these ruins, but you will find it a rewarding experience. Both Chichen Itza and Uxmal are near Merida.

The old buildings are architectural marvels, solid evidence that this ancient Mayan civilization was more advanced, in many ways, than ours is today. The construction of the buildings baffles modern experts; the symmetry and artistry of their designs leave even laymen gasping. How was it possible for a people hundreds, perhaps thousands of years ago, to have accomplished such feats, without benefit of the tools, knowledge and equipment which we have today? No one knows. We can only stand in awe of the achievements.

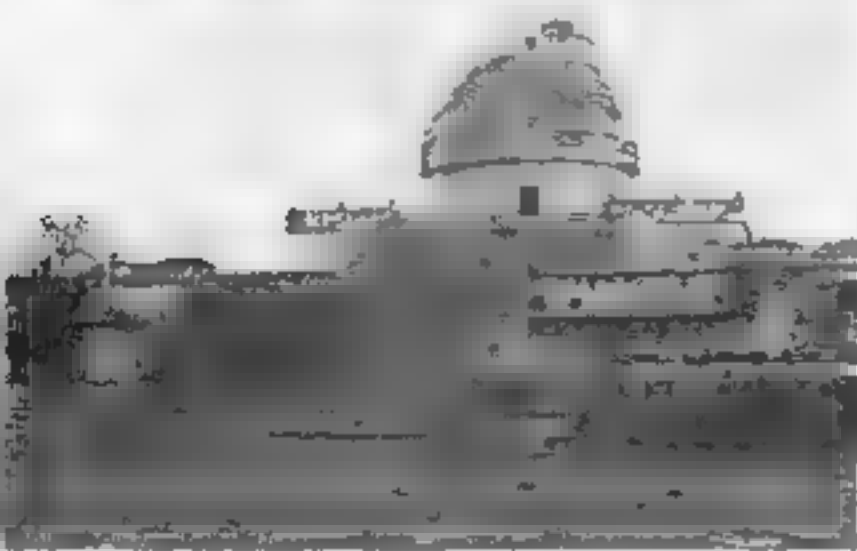
At Chichen Itza I recommend that you pay particular attention to the observatory, a globe-like structure which the ancients used for star-gazing. There are open niches in the walls, slots which modern authorities believe were used to sight the position of various planets or constellations. Another fascinating spot is the sacrificial cenote, a huge natural well where Indian boys jumped into the deep

water, offering themselves to the rain god. They did this cheerfully, believing that they would automatically be blessed with eternal life. Interestingly, there is a small building beside the well which experts believe was a kind of sauna bath, where the boys were purified before they took that fatal leap into the well. (If some of us had been there, we could have shown those boys in the baths that there are easier and more pleasant ways to get to heaven than jumping into a deep well of water!)

Uxmal, while it doesn't have as many buildings as Chichen Itza, is to my way of thinking a lovelier sight. Maybe this is because there is more greenery; there are uncovered mounds, thick with foliage which indicate clearly that there are dozens, perhaps hundreds of buildings in the area which still haven't been excavated. At Kabah, another site near Uxmal, there are tombs which were really crematoriums in which the honored dead were burned to ashes. In both of these places one repeatedly sees reverent homage paid to the rain god (at the cornices and in appendages which protrude from the buildings) and worship of fertility is displayed in phallic symbols (huge cone-shaped columns) and the erotic art in the stone carvings.



Jorge of Cozumel



(Top) A seaside bar at Isla Mujeres.
(Above) The Observatory in Chichen Itza, and, below, the famous Castle at Chichen Itza



You can drive to these places, of course, if you have your own car, or you can travel very cheaply by bus. Guided tours are arranged through agencies, the price of a tour to Uxmal, for example, is 225 pesos (eighteen dollars) from Merida and includes the ride by taxi to and fro, about sixty-five miles each way, full explanations by an English speaking guide, and lunch at the Hotel Principe, a divine site amidst trees and flowers where you might feel an urge to stay overnight. Luncheon is served by pretty waitresses in native costume, and there is salon music while one revels in the charm and luxury of it all.

Merida is famous for its Guayabera shirt, a garment at once both elegant and practical. This shirt is made in hundreds of designs and colors; it costs between 75-250 pesos (six to twenty dollars) depending upon the quality of the material and the intricacy of the design. It's worn outside the pants, very comfortable and cool in hot weather. (I always buy at least two each trip.)

The *Dulceria Colon*, facing the zocalo, serves delicious ice cream, nice to eat while you do your cruising. Like your pistachio and chocolate fudge flavors back home? Wait till you eat papaya or mango ice cream, or coconut. It's a real treat. (Those are flavors which Baskin-Robbins don't serve.)

A drive from Merida to Puerto Juarez

will take you to a spot where you can ferry to Isla Mujeres. Or, if you prefer you can take a junior flight in a small plane from Merida directly to the island. This is fun. The plane only carries eighteen passengers.

Mujeres is an island five miles long and one mile wide. The blue green waters surrounding the island are a marvel, and one feels like Dorothy Lamour or Jon Hall amid the waving palms on the white sandy beaches. It's a tropical paradise unequalled.

When I was on Mujeres in April of 1974 I stayed in one of the private bungalows of the Hotel Zazil-Ha. My cabana had a thatched roof and I had to brush aside the palm branches to get to the front door. A storybook setting, priced at 140 pesos a night (\$11.20). The toilet didn't always work and there were a few strange creatures crawling around in the shower. But who cares about small inconveniences like that? There's plenty of time for an aseptic living back home.

A pair of lovers whom I met on Mujeres were staying at the Hotel Martinez. Cost 100 pesos a night (eight dollars). With double beds and a tile bath. This hotel, which I checked out, is simple but clean. My friends liked it.

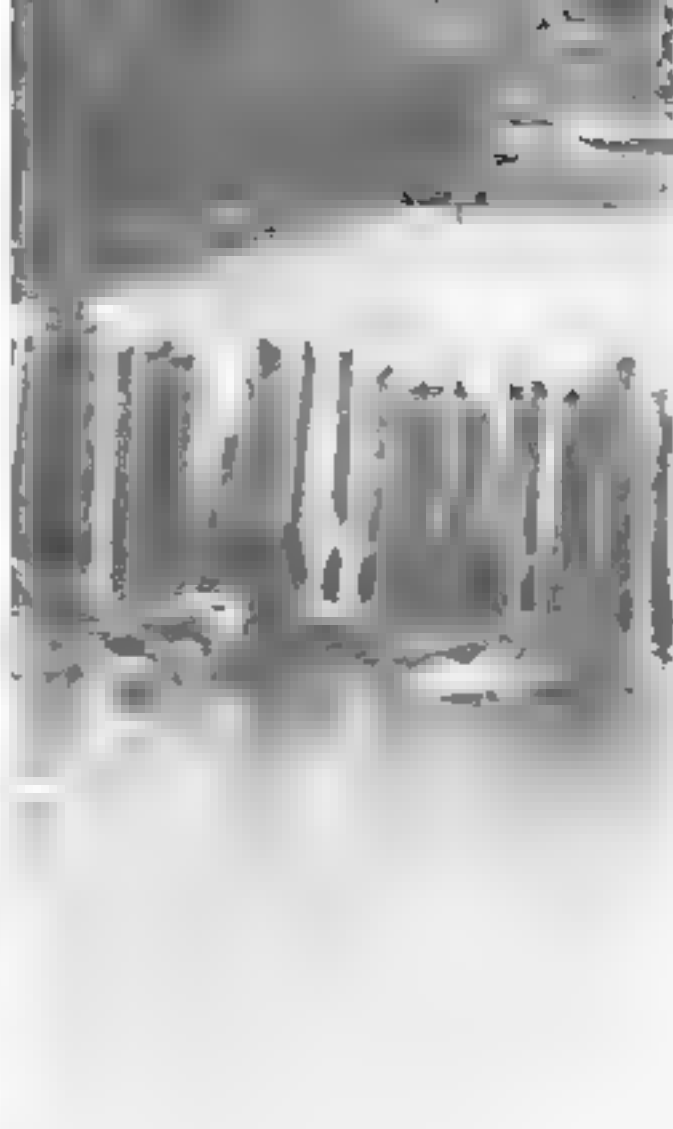
There's little night life on Mujeres. 3,000 people get up early in the morning. But there's a movie house and it's fashionable to dine late, lingering over one's dinner at the *Villa del Mar* or Restaurant Gomar. It's entirely possible to strike up an acquaintance with a native or a fellow tourist. Or one can always try the plaza, that famous place in every Mexican city where everybody and every thing hangs out.

Many island boys have a definite Indian look. They are husky but short, frequently appearing younger than they actually are. One grinning youth was very friendly to me on a recent visit to Mujeres. He followed me all over town. I thought he was about twelve or thirteen and didn't want to get involved. Then I discovered he was seventeen and changed my mind!

There are a couple of boat tours which you should take while visiting Mujeres. The first is to the beach El Gerrafon. On the way the boat passes turtle pens, where the boys dive, catch a turtle and ride him for your amusement. Schools of brilliantly colored fish follow the boat and are pointed out by the guide. The second tour is to nearby Contoy Island, a bird sanctuary where there are flamingoes, pelicans and all sorts of tropical winged



Carlos of Merida.



Turtle pens in Isla Mujeres.

creatures. A jungle paradise.

On Sundays the ferry brings a boat load of young guys from Puerto Juarez, all coming to spend a day on the beach. Happy hunting time! There is also a bar called El Poza, two blocks from the Zazil-Ha cabanas. It's usually full of men and boys in high spirits, and the entrance of a *norteamericano* can create a mild sensation. When I looked in about noon on a Sunday the place was jammed — and I had a rioting good time. There is also a pool hall, open-air, called *Salon de Juegos*, which bears investigating.

Restored or depleted (depending upon how active he was on the island) a traveler can leave Mujeres for Cozumel, on this final lap of the triangular journey, by that same jetney plane which carried him from Merida. Cozumel is an island about twenty miles long, and it was once the hiding place of such renegades as Jean Lafitte and Henry Morgan. You have to rent motorbikes (called *motos*) or bicycles to get around. Or a jeep. This place is bigger than Mujeres and more sophisticated. It has nightclubs and luxury hotels, the most lavish of which are the El Presidente and the Playa Azul. 400-500 pesos a day (thirty to forty dollars). The Hotel Barracuda, close to town, is 200 pesos (sixteen dollars) for a single room, without meals. Hotel Meson San Miguel, facing the *zocalo*, offers a single room with breakfast at 225 pesos (eighteen dollars). In the budget category I recommend the Hotel Bahia, where I have often

stayed. It's on the wharf, spotlessly clean, and has very agreeable boys on the desk. Cost, 125 pesos a night (ten dollars).

Pepe's Restaurant and the El Coral Negro are the two best and least expensive places to eat. Pepe's, a sidewalk cafe facing the seawall, does a thriving business. A specialty of the house is the seafood soup, a big bowl of which costs 12 pesos (one dollar) and is guaranteed to fill you up. The seafood brochette is also a delicacy here.

An all-day excursion boat goes to San Francisco Beach, a remote part of the island, costs 125 pesos (ten dollars) and it's a must. On the way the captain drops anchor for a while and the boys dive for conchas (shells). The *caracol* (snails) are extracted from the shells and used for bait to catch the larger fish, with which the boys prepare lunch for you while you swim or loll on the beach. I don't think I've ever tasted seafood which was more delicious. Another recommended tour is to the mainland and a visit to the Mayan ruins at Tulum. The architectural style of these buildings is basically Toltec and it is estimated that they were built somewhere around 1200 A.D. (They aren't as old as ruins in some other places.)

There is a charming lagoon on the island of Cozumel called Chancanab. It's nice to view at any time, but it's best to go there early; the place has become a popular swimming hole and is often crowded. On the way to Chancanab I recommend that you stop at the local aquarium — the

only aquarium, incidentally, in all of Mexico.

The *zocalo* in San Miguel, the main village on Cozumel is just a big empty space with a small statue in the middle. The atmosphere would be absolutely stark were it not for the Tabachin trees (sometimes called *flamboyan*s) with their lovely orange and red blossoms, which surround the plaza. Under these trees the townfolk gather and sit on the large stone benches.

One spring evening three young men — Julio, Jorge and Roger — entertained me with their guitars and songs under a giant Tabachin. Jorge, I thought, was particularly attractive. With a small muscular build, he had features which were classically Indian (he came from Guatemala, I later discovered). I made a date with him for the following day, when he drove me around the island on a *moto*. I took many pictures of him, among trees and on great rocks, with the blue green Caribbean in the background, and he later accompanied me to my hotel room. He proved as expert there as he had been on his guitar.

When I returned to Cozumel several months later Jorge had a job with an orchestra in one of the luxury hotels. We spent some more time together, but he was kind enough to send Julio and another friend, Cristoban, to keep me happy when he wasn't available. (The island Gays complain quite bitterly about their own lack of opportunity with the local machos, but a male *turista* from the States has no such problem.)

So you don't speak Spanish. So what? Already I've told you this needn't stand in your way of having a good time in the Yucatan. Will it be hot down there among the ruins? You'd better believe it. It gets hot back home sometimes, though, too, doesn't it, and you manage to survive? Will you get sick on the food or water? There's always the chance you will. But haven't you lived through mild attacks of nausea or diarrhea on your own home ground? None of these fears or minor discomforts should prevent you from taking a trip you'll remember the rest of your life.

There's a saying in Spanish: *Quien no se aventura, no pasa la mar*. "He who doesn't venture forth, doesn't cross the sea."

It's later than you think.

One final word of advice. Take half as many clothes as you believe you'll need, and twice as much money. ●

Actually, the ladies haven't so much arrived as taken over. In the dear old dead days of music in the Fifties and Sixties it was quite an accomplishment for a girl to have a chart topping tune. Oh, to be sure there was an occasional Jackie DeShannon, Connie Francis, Lesley Gore or Pat Clark but they were few and far between. The all girl groups, ala The Supremes and Martha and The Vandellas, fared only a bit better. Still, the driving force behind all the groups and, with very few exceptions, the soloists (DeShannon being the major exception), were all men.

Now we have an exciting new direction. This year, for example, one of the Billboard charts showed an astounding seven out of the top ten places on the list of top singles held by girls. More importantly, most of them either wrote, produced or even did both (like the multi-talented Carol King). Quite a change from one once in a while! Now I don't want to suggest that this has all been a direct result of Women's Lib . . . either as a cause or an effect . . . but that it all seems to have begun at the same time is simply a fact that can't be ignored. It's also something that gives me lots of hope for such up front, gay performers like Michael Cohen and Steve Grossman.

The very first group to be tabbed as the primary Women's Lib group was The Joy Of Cooking. That excellent, well refined, well defined group perked right up the best seller charts with their first super little single, "Brownsville", pulled from their first, fine Capitol L.P. To be sure it wasn't a totally, all female group as was its later spawn's like Fanny but there at the dead center of it's creation were two very talented ladies who composed the group's very heart, Terry Garthwaite and Toni Brown.

What ever intangible thing that causes a group to work, really work, these two held firmly in their capable hands. They not only composed the songs for the group, sang them and just generally brought the whole thing together but a close listen will definitely prove that they were the all important driving force. Ms. Brown is now on her own, off in an off-beat race for that elusive solo success . . . this comes after the ultimate, natural disintegration of The Joy Of Cooking.

rising star

THE LADIES ARE COMING

TONY BROWN

BY HUGH HARRISON



"Actually . . . we just all wanted to do what we wanted to do. You can't call that breaking up . . . we didn't really Break Up. We weren't really all that dependent on each other . . . artistically musically . . . what really happened, I guess is that we all went as far with the group as we each could as artists and as individuals."

While running after this success, a quick conversation with the lady shows you that her views of success are at least as individual as the view of the group's break up.

"Look . . . I want to do only, exactly what I want to do. That might even mean going out on the road again . . . but I don't really think so, I'm not sure I could take all that again . . . not sure I want to or even need to . . . Of course it could be just cutting a few records now and then . . . I really do want to keep working with and doing Terry's songs."

Her first effort away from the group was with her Joy Of Cooking mate, Terry Garthwaite. It was a very natural carry over from those days and ended up an excellent, Nashville recorded L.P., "Cross Country". It is still regarded as one of the very best undiscovered L.P.'s of 1973. It was still a tie of sorts to the old group and didn't quite fulfill that strange, gnawing need Toni found cropping up more and more.

It was early this year that she finally managed to lose the last of those ties and really strike out on her own. It has produced her first solo effort on M.C.A. "Good For You Too". This may be the final product of the tie cutting but is the first of what promises to be a long line of fine musical work for Ms. Brown, not only as a singer but as a composer. "Good For You Too" is filled with all her free flowing joy, a delightful collection of her own compositions. Her singing as well as her songs are like all those T.V. ads for herbal shampoos . . . all squeaky clean, country air fresh, and musically scented with a naturalness inherent in only our better country singers. All in all, she sounds like herbs and spices smell.

How does she feel about it all? All this finally striking out on her own? Well, it seems to be pretty much one of each.



"Oh . . . it's really all a little scary yes, scary . . . you know . . . like leaving something . . . safe and secure where other people are around to help. Now . . . it's just me. Now I'm out here all alone like I've left something something . . . that I can't really explain."

But, of course, there's the other part. It's the one that urges her on — no, actually you get the feeling watching and hearing her talk about it that it doesn't urge her as much as it demands that she strike out on her own, finally and forever, to seek her own particular, private muse.

"It's just something I must do. Of course who knows how long forever is next week? Next month? Next year? Tomorrow?"

A light, but not delicate, laugh follows her words out as if something wouldn't be quite complete without it. Right now Toni is happy to be right where she is. A hit — that one elusive tune scaling the long hard charts, would be very nice, still it's

not exactly the ultimate she's looking for.

"Sure . . . it would be nice to have a hit . . . naturally . . . It gives you . . . uh

So Much! It's . . . freedom . . . of a kind. It's not having to worry — except about topping it — the best kind of worry! Then . . . too — in another way a hit can be such a trap — wow — it can really box you in and even take away all that freedom it gave you in the first place."

You see, it's all very clear that Ms. Brown is in this nutty music business for all the right, wrong reasons. She just must pursue her music. There's just no other choice. That's all there is to it!

Presently, after her current personal appearance tour, she's going to return to her place of various refugeages, her home and husband in Marin County, just north of San Francisco. Here in this quiet California style country atmosphere she can go back to find . . . what? Well, it's what ever she needs to recharge her, to keep her going, out in the neon world, to

renew all her musical needs. Not surprisingly she's being joined in this Northern California Trek by a growing number of musicians who also seem to find a natural battery there in those northern, piney woods. What ever it is they seek, it's becoming more and more apparent that they are definitely finding it. What ever it is they seek, that small intangible thing that helps move creativity along, is there for the finding. Marin County is rapidly becoming Nashville, West.

All this couldn't please Toni Brown more. It's about all she could ask. It's almost like having her music and singing it too. If things go, as they seem to be, she'll very shortly be able to step right in out of the piney green woods and fresh country air, right into a recording studio there on her own grounds that she knows and loves so well. She'll be able to bring them all right along with her, capture them forever on record and, finally, share them with us. We just couldn't be luckier! ●

One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest



William Devane shows the "boys" how to play cards

"One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest" by Dale Wasserman in the Huntington Hartford is a richly-textured drama about thoroughly believable people. Being insane is not all ranting and raving and Harvey Medlnsky has meticulously cast this production with actors of consummate skill. So some Jens' talent is not new to this writer, having admired her many times previously, particularly her Gertrude in the Mark Taper "Hamlet." Her Nurse Ratched is elegantly performed and is the strong catalyst that holds all of this together. William deVane, who took over the lead when James Farentino threw a temperamental fit over boiling, is a revelation. He is a delightful actor, full of nuance and shading, and he plays with an overall sparkle that is utterly captivating. I strongly suspect his general breeziness is due to the fact he has played the role for over a year in New York. I am

told he stars in an upcoming TV Special but, after his performance here, he will doubtless appear in a rash of movies. He is that good. John Savage, a startlingly attractive blond boy, plays the stuttering Billy Bibbit with honesty and style while John D. Gowans is perfect as Dr. Spivey. The setting, a State Mental Hospital Ward, is the masterful creation of Neil Peter Jampolis. Replete with glass panels and flickering computer lights, it looks as solid as the Rock of Gibraltar. The play strikes sparks and frequently rivets the attention. It all boils up into a very heavy dose of melodrama but I think, basically, it works. The remarkable success it has enjoyed since its very tentatively beginning with Kirk Douglas on Broadway years ago (5 years in San Francisco) is deserved. It makes a welcome addition to the roster of thoughtful dramas heretofore unseen in the Los Angeles area.

— Allan Leopold

theatre



A POET AT HEART—Walter Matthau waxes poetic as a disbelieving Maureen Stapleton looks on in Sean O'Casey's play as staged by George Seaton at the Mark Taper Forum of Los Angeles' Music Center, November 7 thru December 22, 1974

Sean O'Casey's 1922 drama, "Juno And The Paycock" is a strange vehicle for such stellar stars as Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau. The public has identified them primarily with their screen images and an Irish jig is the last thing in the world their film fans expected of them. Actually, the minor roles in this play outshine the principal ones. Consequently, Mary Wilkes' elegant performance as Mrs. Maude Madigan and John Glover's hysterical Johnny Boyle make the most indelible impressions. Maureen Stapleton, basically a stage star, does what she can with Juno. She is always interesting to watch but, with the right material, she can be magnificent. Walter Matthau, as Captain Jack, never really inhabits this Dublin tenement. Rather, he turns his role into a vaudeville routine in the dry, urbane vein for which he is noted. He is droll and frequently delicious but he ain't Captain

JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK

Jack. As Joxer Daly, Jack Lemmon is completely miscast. He is full of booze all right and he can do a dandy, drunken prat-fall but he makes no dramatic impression at all. Mr. Lemmon has enjoyed a singular career. His work in motion pictures has grown with the years to the point where he has totally mastered the technique. This virtue won him an Academy Award. But stage fame has always eluded him. He cannot seem to move his audiences from the other side of the footlights and "Paycock" is no exception. Furthermore, George Seaton has directed him as if he were dollying in for close-ups. The necessary projection is hardly, if ever, there. The O'Casey play has been constructed in a very off-kilter fashion. The first two acts are so loaded with exposition the play moves along in fitful yawns at a snail's pace. The last act, the culmination of all this bother, is a darling, one poignant, tender and very sad. The setting by John Conklin is exactly right and the period antiques it contains would light up the eye of any collector-connoisseur. When all is said and done, "Juno And The Paycock" is a vehicle for stars who are attempting to stretch their talents. Only in this instance, they are stretching them in the wrong direction.

Footnote: "Juno And The Paycock" lists an entire glossary of Irish expressions in the program that are totally incomprehensible to modern-day audiences. Without this particular cast, I doubt if this old mulligan stew would sell 5 tickets.

—Allan Leopold



(Above) FRIENDLY INTRUSION—Jack Lemmon (second from right) as "Joxer" Daly interrupts the reunion of the Boyle family, as played by (from left) Maureen Stapleton, Laurie Prange, John Conner, Walter Matthau, and their guest, played by Nicholas Hammond.

RIGHT FIGHTY PRISH—Jack Lemmon as "Joxer" Daly squares off with Walter Matthau as 'Captain' Jack Boyle while Maureen Stapleton as Juno appears not amused with their fight. In Sean O'Casey's JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK as staged by George Seaton.



(Below) IRISH ODD COUPLE—Walter Matthau as 'Captain' Jack Boyle and Jack Lemmon as "Joxer" Daly return to the stage at the Mark Taper Forum at Los Angeles Music Center November 7 thru December 22, 1974.





What's A Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?

Toss the streamers into the air! Throw the confetti and beat the drums! For an absolutely superb satirical revue has come to town with the fresh impact of a Broadway Opening Night. The cause of all this rejoicing is the new Ray Golden-Revin Barskin musical smash, "What's A Nice Country Like You Doing In A State Like This?" at the Meeting House Cabaret Theatre, 831 South LaBrea, the former site of a ballet school. There are only five people in the whole cast plus one piano and a small stage. But the virtuoso talent of this quintet floods the auditorium with taste and brilliance. Indeed, 29-year-old blonde Trudy Desmond (who looks about 18) is another Barbra Streisand. She has her vocal equipment and, as a polished comedienne, far more style. Suzanne Astor, the wife of the composer Cory Hoffman, is convulsively funny. Frequently she appears singing such laments as:

"When you're in love with a Gay Activist, it isn't very active at night." and

"When you're in love with a transvestite, your clothes wear out twice

as fast

Her song about our dull, unelected President is equally hilarious with such right-on lines as:

"You're like dinner at the nearest Jack-In-The Box, Jerry Ford."

Michael Scott, an attractive, talented 20-year-old, is very droll with:

"Vasectomy means never having to say you're sorry."

And Bill LaVatlee's ode to the joys of the city of Johannesburg is enough to roll you in the aisles. While you're flopping helplessly around there, Lorry Goldman will finish you off with a plea to the Stock Market to Get It Up in Dow Jones.

Ira Gasman's lyrics, for my money, surpass Stephen Sondheim in wit. Mr. Hoffman cannot write a bad song and Miriam Fand has got it all together with a light touch that hits a high-water mark for a sophisticated revue in the City of the Angels. The Opening Night audience gave the show a standing ovation and I was in the thick of it all, yelling like a banshee.

—Ailan Leopold



(Left) this bright young quintet of stars takes gentle jabs at such American institutions as politics, women's lib, sex and the single girl, in the hilarious off-Broadway musical revue, "What's A Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?", now in its West Coast premier engagement at the new Meeting House Cabaret, 831 South La Brea where it plays nightly except Mondays. Left to right, they are Suzanne Astor, Trudy Desmond, Lorry Goldman, Bill LaVallee and Michael Scott



special report - history

20 YEARS AGO

BY DAL MCINTIRE

MIAMI: Teenage killers who set off wild homohunt got off easy. Gay airline steward whom they'd hustled, robbed and killed tried posthumously as pervert, while his killers, who'd been hustling Gays for a long time, got jury's sympathy. Light sentence for one, other freed. New Miami Beach law puts anti-molester patrol in theatres at theatre expense. Press and politicians screaming: clean out the perverts! Similar witchhunts starting in Wichita, Columbus, Minneapolis, Atlanta and Montreal. Mayor and Police Chief out in Montreal for failure to run "perverts" out of town. Minneapolis order heat on addicts, prostitutes and perverts, to keep the city pure. Atlanta Constitution headlines: "1,500 Sex Deviates Room Streets Here." Equates homosexuals and child molesters, calls for new laws, some good.

NEW ZEALAND: Wild press reports when two teenage girls kill their parents for love of one another. Press and pulpit ring with cries that the "vice that has inundated England" is taking root here.

CALIFORNIA: Police raid TOMMY'S PLACE (above 12 Adler) in San Francisco's North Beach, find one juvenile and one dope kit. Papers headline: "TEENAGE GIRL SEX RING" Police itching to close the popular lesbian bar, but deterred by "unfortunate" state supreme court ruling which says that patrons must first be caught in immoral acts on premises. U.S. Senator Hendrickson (Rep. N.J.) threatens

to blast ONE THE HOMOSEXUAL MAGAZINE, charging that California homosexuals use dope to trap teenagers into sex. Tries to link "pachucas" (chicana youth gangs), dope smugglers, and the newly public Gay rights organizations. Parade of witnesses before his committee demand return to McGuffey Reader, ban on World Federalists and comic books. San Francisco Grand Jury tries to upstage Senator with claim of growing sexdeviate problem . . .

Novelist Michael Arlen, being told by a lady that he looked almost like a woman, replied, "So do you . . ."

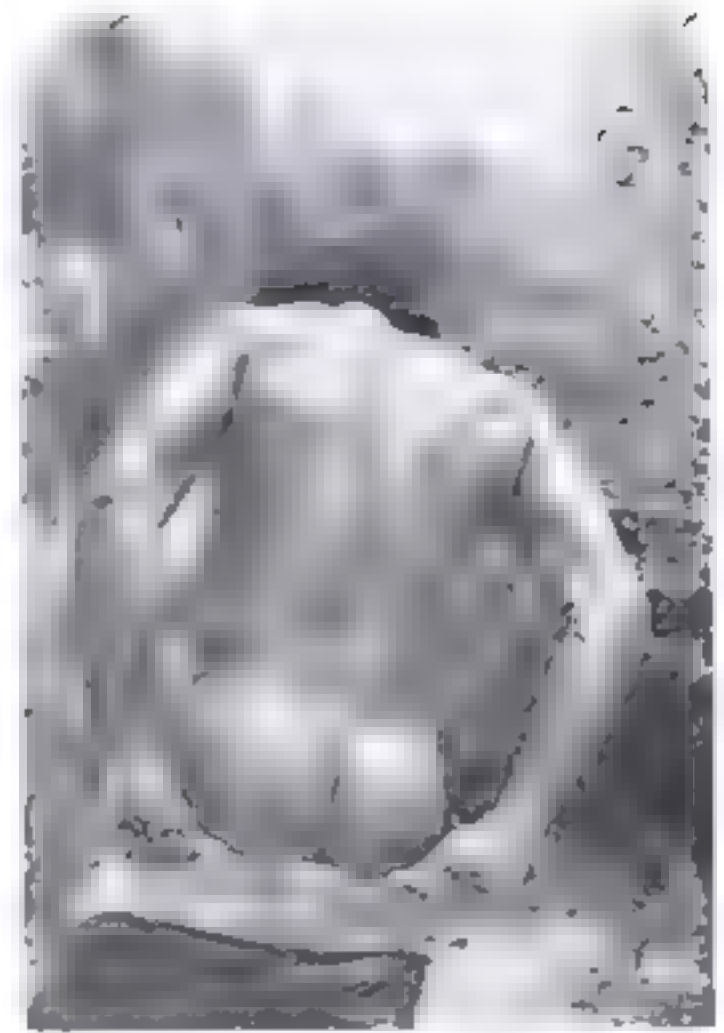
On the HIT PARADE: Song WHITHER THOU GOEST, from Ruth's p edge of love to Naomi in Bible . . .

In British Comic Strip: burglar warns householder: "No tricks; I'm not a man to trifle with." Reply: "Don't worry, I only trifle with women."

British scandalized by public marriage of Vincent Jones, who was Violet until few months ago . . . Tamara Rees (born as Bob), California father and former paratrooper, in Holland for sex-change surgery. Hoping for quiet life

Trial of alleged wife-murderer Dr. Sam Sheppard upset when one juror all but retried for past homosexual charge . . . Ex-soldier John David Provoo, accused of treason on Batan because of Buddhist sympathies, wins new trial on grounds government lacked right to question him on homosexuality .

discovery



TO THE SOUND OF STEEL DRUMS

TEXT BY HUGH HARRISON

WHEN GEORGE PHILLIPS STARTS TO SPEAK, listen very closely. His charming accent falls just a touch unusually on the average American ear. In that lilting rise and fall you can detect that faint rhythm of a steel band. It's all very natural since George hails from St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands.



He looked on my recognizing his accent with a touch of amazement. George is so accustomed to the very pronounced roll and click of the English influenced rhythmic speech of the islands that he simply doesn't recognize it in his own mild accent. Apparently, no one else where he comes from in those islands does either. They call him "Yankee-Man" there because of what they consider to be his lack of accent. He's really openly astounded that anyone can still spot it. His head drops back and an enormous chuckle rumbles up from his impressive six foot, two inch frame, turning finally into a loud, hearty, real laugh. And you hear those drums again.

George's free, open, easy charm is a trait very common to the people who inhabit that group of islands that run from just off the shore of Mexico and arch under the tip of Florida. This group starts

with Jamaica and ends with Puerto Rico and is called the Greater Antilles. The Lesser Antilles begin with George's home island, St. Thomas, and zig-zag Venezuela way ending with Martinique and Barbados. The entire archipelago is more commonly known as the West Indies. There exist in these people — very apparent in George — a fierce island pride. It's very evident that it dates far back and is stronger than national pride or a loyalty to whoever is in power at whatever time. Each island in the group feels a much stronger inner-island kinship than duty to its current leadership. This feeling goes back to even before their various Spanish-French-English conquests. George strongly feels he is a part of this island heritage. His father was born and raised in the States. He met George's mother on her home island of Puerto Rico. They married and settled in St. Thomas. To the islanders it's all very logical.





That George's mother is Spanish-Indian and his father black presents no problems at all. Color barriers simply don't exist in the islands. There's no such thing as black or white or what-have-you. I was just a bit concerned about George's walk - right - up - shake - hands - Hi - I'm - George - who - are - you - attitude in our sometimes uptight, race conscious society. I need not have been. His clear, level head can deal with anything at all, it seems. He quickly explained to me that he'd run into our quaint customs before when he attended college in the South. (He holds a degree in Physical Education from Memphis State and one in mechanical drafting from Texas A. and M.) He shrugged off what little resistance he met in those schools, as he quickly reassured me.

"Oh, man (pronounced MON) . . . I like people. I relate to people . . . easy. They like me. They relate to me . . . also easy. There . . . I was a new person a new thing from someplace else . . . a new experience . . . a something and a somewhere they didn't know . . . had never been. There was no . . . trouble."

So, it seems George isn't totally unfamiliar with our strange ways here. This is even George's second trip to Los Angeles. He spent about six months in the city a couple of years ago until the call of the islands became just too strong. In one way, though, it's as if he'd never been here. All the fast, big-city motion still absolutely fascinates him. He doesn't miss a thing! He describes his first, fast trip down Hollywood Boulevard in straight-out terms.

"Full'a so many people! Your head never still! Back and forth . . . back and forth it goes . . . never still . . . never rests!"

Like I said, he sees absolutely everything. I don't think he missed a single thing that was either done, spoken or even just hinted at during our talks. Nothing evaded him. He caught it all. Not just from me, but from everyone within eye or ear shot. George's bright, probing mind met it all happily and cheerfully. He eagerly absorbed as an opportunity to know, to learn.

Once in a while, you can see a sometimes visible, faraway look in George's eye. It's the call of the islands again. He's very open about it. He's in the states just to be away from home for a bit and earn a little money on his own. He'll do it for as long as he can take it, then, like before, it'll be right back home. For



him, home is definitely the islands and always will be the islands

Finding a quick job here presents no real problem for George. He trains guard dogs. He first started learning about it with his father, who owns the largest kennels in St. Thomas. They serve all the surrounding islands. His is a very close-knit family. He is very fond of them all, his father and mother as well as his two brothers and two sisters. His Dad would be perfectly happy for him to stay right there with him, working the dogs. His plan is for George to eventually take over the business. George rather resignedly confesses to me that it's what he'll probably do, eventually. Still, his fierce spirit of island inborn independence demands that he get out on his own for a while, so he can try his solo wings. A broad smile breaks over his face. He knows that his father, no matter what the eventual plans are, is proud of this spirit and wouldn't have it any other way.

It'll pretty much have to be dogs, if he does go back to the islands. He can't find much use for all his education there. Even with the degrees, he's had no luck in finding a job on St. Thomas in the fields he's been educated to handle. The few available jobs require that old bug-a-boo, experience.

"Experience (with the accent on the first syllable) . . . that's what they always ask for . . . never giving you a chance! Definitely . . . not impressed with all my

college degrees . . . HA . . . how can I have . . . experience! . . . no one will hire me to get experience!"

Again, he laughs. Again, the drums "In that way, though . . . not so different here!"

And, he's right. In that way there's no difference between the islands and the mainland. In all other ways, though, the differences are great. George knows it and is aware he responds to the way of the islands with far more ease than to life in the city. Little George — as he's called by his family since he is the smallest one of the men in the family and the youngest — does miss all that calm, open, freely accessible water the most. Oh, our ocean here does help a bit but it really isn't the same as the clear, green Caribbean. It is much better than all his stateside inland years spent getting an education, though. Those years were hard to take for George. He is a water person. He even calls himself one. He falls easily and naturally into all kinds of water sports. His very first job as a teenager, in that first burst of spirited independence away from his Dad, was as a lifeguard at the pools around the various luxury hotels on the island. He has a great deal of respect for these elegant tourist spas and the people who flock to them. This respect reaffirmed itself later when he took charge of the family's guard-dogs and became captain of security at the various hotels . . . all his own idea! There are no illusions about

the tourist trade in George's mind. He's very fond of these people and in his straight-out, level acceptance, he is well aware that these same people are responsible to a great degree for the financial security that's enjoyed by all the West Indies.

There's this one thing in George that's rather hard to relate. It's sort-of an old-world charm and dignity, a carriage that George has time for even here in the city-hustle. Please, you're welcome, thank you and excuse me come so easily to him. It's so ingrained that it's nearly like breathing for him. He uses them not in some subservient, demeaning way, but freely and naturally, as they were really intended. It's quite refreshing. He is a true gentleman in it's most honest and refined meaning.

The one thing about George that's refreshing, is his incredible sense of discovery. He'll happily discover anything at all. There are so many things that we just take for granted. We all do need to be reminded, now and then, of the joy of first discovery and enjoyment. One such instance with him stands out clearly and happily in my mind. We'd gone into a restaurant for dinner where I frequently eat. I proceeded to the table quickly, to sit down. Not George. He walked through the crowded tables very carefully, taking his time and missing nothing. He finally made it to the table and sat down, eyes sparkling. They flashed out the eager



message, so unmistakable. Here, right here, in this room were so many new people to meet and so much to learn. He wanted to do it. He wanted to meet them all!

The menu too was a brand new adventure. When is the last time you really read a menu? George read his from cover to cover, quickly and carefully, before making his decision. His final choice? Spaghetti. Why this? Simple. He's never had spaghetti before.

"I always wish to try the new . . . what I've never had . . . but often I do find I'm not liking what I get! So . . . now . . . I examine each description of the dish they offer very carefully . . . before I order."

I can only say I'm glad I was there. Completely to George's credit, though, with no instruction or coaxing whatsoever, he soon had mastered the art of spaghetti twirling to a strand. At that very first curled forkful, he looked up and grinned in triumph. Then with just a few deft strokes of the fork he fell into a natural eating rhythm and had soon demolished the steaming heap of food.

Dinner over, he relaxed in his seat, refusing both dessert and coffee. He sighed contentedly and smiled, musing over the day spent with the photographer. I asked him what his favorite part of all the picture taking. He quickly admitted that the chance to go up in the mountains and breathe fresh air was the very best thing that had happened to him since he'd been back in L.A. He'd really enjoyed all the unsmogged air. He scrunched his nose as he looked at the smog outside. He refers to our day-to-day air as "fuzzy" . . . certainly an apt description from one so accustomed to those water-washed breezes that waft across his small island home. Today he'd been able to recapture in a small way some of the healthy feeling he had to leave behind in St. Thomas. That he misses his home comes leaping out of his eyes in very evident vibes — a visible faraway look. He shakes his head a bit as if to return himself to his present surroundings and then is quick to assure me that he really does like Los Angeles. Otherwise, why would he come back to such a place for a second time? There isn't that much money or need to be independent. He looks me directly in the eye to be sure I understand. I do. Then, again, the smile crossing his face turns to a rumbling, open chuckle accompanied by the faint sound of steel drums.

Once again that faraway look creeps



back in George's eyes. He will always be an islander. It's a quality that you find in all the people from this tropical paradise. George shifts uneasily in the chair. He admits that in Los Angeles he feels he's inside even when he's outside. George is definitely an outside person. He feels outside. One quick look will convince you that he looks outside, too.

His uneasiness spreads. George is anxious to leave. It isn't just being indoors that's doing it. He can feel the pull of excitement of a rapidly darkening Los Angeles. He knows another night in this unbelievable Hollywood place will bring

him many new adventures, new friends and new discoveries. We rise to leave and his bright smile covers his entire being.

So . . . if, some night, you're quietly minding your business in one of those free, happy, open, easy places where affable people congregate and you suddenly hear a lilting West Indies accent followed by the faint but unmistakable rhythm of a calypso steel band, don't be too startled. Turn right around and search out a tall, friendly islander. Then, walk right up in your best hi-how-are-you attitude and introduce yourself. You won't be sorry. It might be George Phillips! ●

special report

- music

ROCKY HORROR SHOW

BY HUGH HARRISON



The amount of flak that's been heaped on my head because of the last music column featuring Broadway shows is just not to be believed. Guess I waded in on some sort of Gay sacred cow. I suppose I should say "Sorry, guys," at least in the interest of unity, but I definitely intend to resist that little trip into hypocrisy. Look, I can't see 'em, I can't hear 'em. In that case they were strictly dull, dull, dull!

Now, I am happy to report to you I can honestly give an absolute rave to a new, just released musical on record, "THE ROCKY HORROR SHOW" (Ode SP-77026). This isn't simply the best show of the year on record, it's easily the best recorded musical since the grand-daddy of rock musicals, "Hair." As a recording, this one is even better than that milestone of the musical stage.

True, it may not be a trend setter — and probably won't be. "Hair" wasn't either. Instead this show, like "Hair," is as odd and fresh as an iceberg in the South Pacific. "Rocky" is a kind of "Hair" apparent, and will most likely remain, like its predecessor, something unique in the annals of show business. But whatever its place turns out to be in theater history, and whether or not it has been accepted or rejected by the gay press — don't you be put off. If you haven't seen the show you owe it to yourself to go and draw your own conclusions as to its merits. But after you have seen it, I know you'll want to have the recording, for at last here is a recorded effort that meets and far exceeds every criteria set forth to judge a recorded musical.

First, that it will be a huge, super smash hit seller, goes without saying. Right now that is what the musical theater needs more than anything. There hasn't really been a big hit on record since "Hair." I'm discounting "Jesus Christ, Superstar" since that was a show taken from a best selling L.P. and transferred to the stage. Recently Variety, the show-business newspaper, reported on the huge amounts of money being lost in recording new musicals, causing a fading interest. Hopefully, "THE ROCKY HORROR SHOW" will help abate some of this negative feeling.

As all shows must, this one makes its mark in the history of the stage musical — kinky history to be sure — but history nonetheless. It also gives us a bit of new history. This is a Los Angeles based show and becomes the first West Coast musical that has hopped high up on the sales charts. Perhaps it's a trend that may also help salvage the recorded musical.

Finally, and most importantly, it more than just captures the memories of the evening. It seems to have also been recorded on the spot . . . the very evening I saw the show, which of course it wasn't. It was done in the studio like all other musicals are. Still, that's the feeling you are left with as you hear the record. It's all here, not just the songs but the sounds, the feel, the smells and that feeling of immediacy. This isn't so amazing, since the L.P. was produced by Lou Adler, who also produced the play in Los Angeles, and is, incidentally, one of the handful of really excellent record producers around. Here, even he has outdone himself. His careful, knowing, loving hand is evident throughout the entire project. What's absolutely astounding in the

recording is that so much that I considered to be only visual has been totally captured on the record.

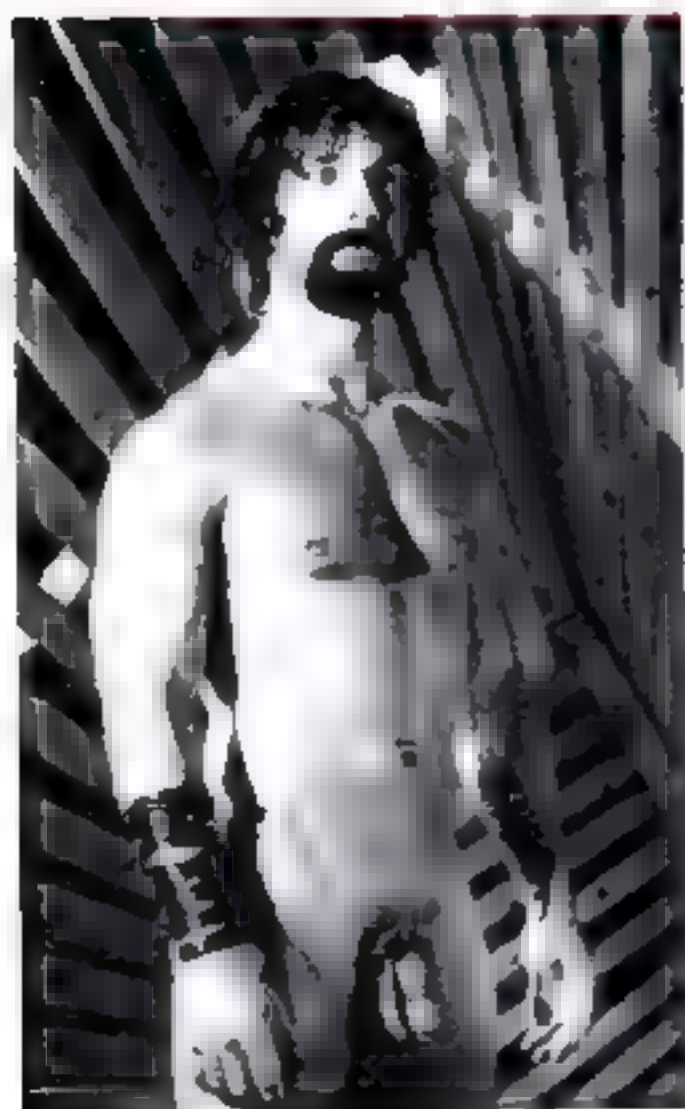
In the first cut, "Science Fiction/Double Feature," it's all set up for us. This tune is done by Jamie Donnelly in her Trixie character. She appears later as Magenta and, with this double effort, easily takes the L.P.'s second honors — the first landing very correctly in the bejeweled lap of the incredible Tim Curry. Then we're off on a quick, funny trip through a couple of put-on rockers of the Fifties done by B. Miller and Abigale Hones. I didn't care much for Miller on stage — I thought him to be a bit over done. He fares far better on record than in person, a good voice for the Fifties material and you don't have to watch his odd, distracting mannerisms. Strangely, while Miss Hones impressed me very much in the show — she was only a short step behind Miss Donnelly (who manages to be socko both in person as well as on the record). Here, on vinyl, Miss Hones is strangely muted . . . doubly strange since she is a well known back-up session singer, having worked with some of the best, top names in music.

Then . . . Tim Curry explodes on the recording with the same force he brings to his first appearance on the Roxy stage, in his sensational, show stopper, "Sweet Transvestite." His first entrance, both on stage and on record, is one of the most spectacular and exciting in musical theatre. I was sure you had to see it to get its full impact. I was wrong . . . very wrong! Every inch, every ounce of impact comes thundering through. With this recording it becomes very clear, Bette Midler has latched on to the title, Female Star of the Seventies, and now Tim Curry can lay claim to the title Male Star of the Seventies.

Still, it doesn't stop there. All the numbers, in fact the L.P. as a whole works, totally and completely. This includes everyone from the orchestra through the rest of the cast. Kim Milford's title character, Bruce Scott's Riff Raff, Boni Enten's Columbia are all caught with crystal clarity. A special word about Meat Loaf. His two hilarious characters are especially well done. He even manages to carry over the bit with the net hose and high-heels in "Rose Tint My World" right to the recording. This takes some doing since it's strictly a visual thing, never referred to in the lyrics. Then, too, I'm sure we have the canny Mr. Adler to thank for much of that. ●



IN TOUCH with films



Hairily handsome Brahman van Zetten.

Those of you who have seen Wakefield Poole's "The Boys in the Sand" and "81 you" may line up for his latest flick, "Bible" hoping to see bumper frontal nudes and a lot of pornographic action, but you will be pleasantly disappointed. This is no porno flick, it's 90 minutes of vignettes from the Old Testament. The most interesting sequence and the best turn-on in the movie, is Adam's tortuous ascent from a cave into the sunshine the creation of man . . . and what a man. Handsome Bo White, muscular, unashamedly nude and well hung, frolics along the beautiful beach until he finds Eve emerging out of the sea. One is overwhelmed by the color, splendor and grace of their first meeting. It's soft core shooting which was intended to be filmed hard (no pun intended) but the film didn't need it. We know what's going on and only wish we could be on the beach with them . . . it only to enjoy the beauty of it all.

David and Bathsheba (Georgina Spelvin) performs exaggerated feminine wiles, trying in vain to entice the loudish David (Nicholas Flamel) into her sexual lair, he stuffs his face with Palestine goodies and decides on more masculine adventures, like going off to war. The

frustrated Bathsheba is left to wander aimlessly in her garden of dubious delights until she finds a peeping Tom hiding in the bushes. Here is her chance to finally satisfy her craving for satisfaction. She dances coquettishly, energetically and much too lasciviously for the trail voyeur and he flees panic stricken from whence he came. Perhaps he had seen the energetic Miss Spelvin in her previous film, "The Devil and Miss Jones" and knew what to expect.

The third sequence involves "that castrating bitch" Delilah, brilliantly played by Gloria Grant and hairily handsome Brahman van Zetten as Samson. This sequence has been described as "nightmarish surrealism" with hideously masked dwarves running in and out and statuesquely beautiful, Gloria Grant moving with a flowing cape amid the billowing tents of the cosbah, leading Samson to his destruction. This whole sequence is filmed in slow motion to the music of Prokofiev, which fits perfectly.

The last segment, the "Annunciation" is a little stagey, with a garish neon sign proclaiming the Bethlehem Inn has "No Rooms" leaving a pregnant Mary to seek shelter elsewhere.



Bo White, above, eventually finds Eve emerging from the sea, while, below, Gloria Grant plays Delia opposite Samson, who is Brahm Van Zetten



With the exception of one line, uttered by Eve (Caprice Couselle) the whole film is set to music, which makes Wakefield Poole's "Bible" so refreshingly different. It's not a skin flick and it's not a musical. It's an erotic impression of the Old Testament, surrealistic and at times quite funny. It's entertaining and a pleasure to watch. The beach scenes involving Adam and Eve were shot on one of the most beautiful stretches of sand in the Virgin Islands, which seems very appropriate for such an opening scene. It's been said the film will appeal to women, but it's also very appealing to guys who understandably appreciate handsome, muscular and well hung males, filmed in glorious color in surroundings other than a back bedroom, a shower or well used gory hole.

Wakefield Poole's "Bible" is well worth a visit, the music fits the scenes and the players fit their roles. Perhaps the only complaint one can make is that Bo White didn't get enough footage. ●

—RTP

DRACULA

Pity poor Count Dracula! To survive, he must have the blood of a virgin, and in the liberated era of the 1920's, there simply are none left in Transylvania. And so the suffering Count must pack up his trusty coffin on top of the family flivver and head for the good Catholic countryside of Italy, where girls still save themselves for their wedding nights.

So begins "Andy Warhol's Dracula," the blood-soaked sequel to "Andy Warhol's Frankenstein," released last year. Unlike Frankenstein, Dracula was not filmed in 3-D, and possibly as a result it relies less on spectacular and gory shock effects, making it by far the better film cinematically.

Written and directed by Paul Morrissey, as have been all of Andy Warhol's recent films, Dracula bears little resemblance to the early Warhol psychodramas and endurance tests. It is in every respect a commercial film, traditionally structured and plotted although there is little that is traditional about the humor. That is strictly Warhol non-sequitur camp.

Udo Kier appears as Dracula, last year he was the mad scientist in the Warhol Frankenstein. Kier was widely known in Europe only recently as a young matinee idol, and is certainly much more handsome than he has been allowed to appear in the Warhol films. His greasy-kid-stuff hair styles in both films do absolutely nothing for him.

Arno Jverging plays Dracula's menacing assistant, a function similar to that which he performed in Frankenstein. The head of the luckless Italian family on which Dracula bestows his attentions is played by none other than the respected old film director Vittorio de Sica, and director Roman Polanski (of "Rosemary's Baby" fame) also makes an uncredited cameo appearance.

Dracula's nemesis is the handsome young family gardener, who plots to foil the evil Count's plans by relieving the daughters of their dangerous virginity. Who else could play such a part in a Warhol picture but good old Joe Dallesandro bringing his tell tale "Noo



(Top) Hero Joe Dallesandro saves, both, Dominique Darrell and Stefanie Carsin from a fate worse than death by relieving them of their virginity. (Above) Writer-director Paul Morrissey confers with stars Joe Dallesandro and Udo Kier before filming a scene in Warhol's Dracula

Yawk" accent to what is already a United Nations of Italian, German, British, and other assorted dialects.

A word about Joe Dal esondra: It is unfortunate, indeed, that his widely-known background as a street hustler, nude model, and Warhol "superstar" make it so difficult for anyone to take him seriously as a screen personality, for he is quite simply among the most compelling actors in films today. He has a virile intensity reminiscent of the young Brando, and with proper handling, he could easily become one of the most exciting personalities in movies since the days of the authentic Hollywood superstars.

But, alas, he has fallen victim to the unfortunate need of many of us — and Gays are not entirely alone in this — to belittle and demean our sex objects. He has provided vicarious erotic thrills to us all (and not-so-vicarious thrills to countless 42nd Street shoppers) and we have repaid him by laughing at those very qualities in him which we still find so thrilling in Bogart and Grable and Brando. The attitude of modern moviegoers toward modern movie stars definitely does verify the old adage, "familiarity breeds contempt." And although I am second to none in my enjoyment of those grainy 8mm reels depicting "Little Joe" and his sexual feats, I am afraid that they are keeping him from being recognized as the real superstar he has the potential of becoming.

Physically, Joe is as impressive as ever. After the depressing state he allowed himself to get into about the time he did "Trash," in which he looked pale and emaciated and pimply, he has fully reverted to his former robust, handsome self. He still has one of the most gorgeous asses anywhere, and it is frequently on display in *Dracula*.

On the whole, *Dracula* has something for all but the most conservative of horror movie fans, and if the blood-letting is allowed to get a little out of hand along toward the end, there is never any suggestion that it should be taken at all seriously. ●

—John Marvin

(Above) Udo Kier, as Count Dracula, is extremely upset to discover that his latest victim, Stefanie Cassini, is not a virgin, as advertised. (Left) Dominique Darrell is questioned about her virginity, or lack thereof, by Udo Kier as Dracula.



NIGHT PORTER



"The Night Porter" has been a big winner at the European boxoffice but, apparently its Italian creators were uncertain as to its American reception and they sold those rights lock-stock and barrel to Joseph P. Levine. He is giving the film a big, raunchy, lavish advertising exploitation so that those looked-for profits over here will accrue.

The picture, made on location in Vienna by a woman director, is a curiosity. It deals with a situation that is highly unlikely, i.e. a fourteen-year-old Jewish girl, brutalized by an attractive Nazi Concentration Camp official, will gravitate toward him sexually in an S-M relationship twenty years later. Even if this premise were to be taken at face value, it is really asking too much of an audience to believe that, ultimately, these two will barricade themselves into a hotel room and that the love-smitten officer will chain her up like an animal. It is certainly provocative to imagine such a thing could happen, for the girl has been assaulted precisely at the point in her life when her sexual appetite was awakening.

THE NIGHT PORTER is a Joseph P. Levine presentation of the Robert Gorkin-Edwards, Elsa De Simone production of the film by Liliana Cavani. This film stars Dirk Bogarde, Charlotte Rampling and Isabella Rossellini.



To examine the dark underbelly of sado-masochistic desire could, beyond question, make for a compelling movie. But Liliana Cavani, one of three script writers, has permitted their odyssey to fall apart once it starts to get up a full head of steam. Furthermore, the casting of Dirk Bogarde is a mistake. This most sensitive performer can convey a lot of things from the screen but heterosexual love is not one of them. He is thoroughly convincing as the night porter when he zips up the bellboy's fly enroute to sending him on stud duty to the Countess' suite. But he is totally out of his depth clutching the stringbean, Charlotte Rampling, to his male, unmuscular chest. His queenly presence pervades every foot of the film and his flaring nostrils are no help either.

As a film for Gays, "The Night Porter" is an important break-through in explicit sex in a major motion picture. It begins with an exposure shot that bores the bellboy's crown jewels. Later on, a ballet dancer, hopelessly in love with Bogarde, receives a drug injection from him into his bare buttocks. In retrospect, he dances a lengthy, titillative dance in his jock strap for a gaggle of hard-breathing Gestapo. This reminded me a great deal of the late James Dean's enticement of Louis Jourdon. He played an Arab boy in the B'ly Rose Broadway production of Andre Gide's "The Immoralist."

But, most startling of all, the camera focusses on a nazi who has passed up various young Concentration Camp girls to fuck a young male prisoner. It is all there and, I think, a distinct step forward toward freeing the screen from the sham and pretense it has been saddled with for so long. As the Countess, Isa Miranda has put on a lot of weight over the years. But she is still an actress on the grand scale and she makes every scene in which she appears count. Miss Rampling has the sort of body that ought not to be continually seen in the nude but she is perceptive and she smoulders. However, "The Night Porter" does not put her in line for any Academy Awards. The direction is far too leisurely for my taste and, at times, it becomes downright boring. But the conception is there. Unfortunately, too often the subject matter, instead of gaining dramatic momentum, simply noses into ludicrous absurdity. ●

— Allan Leopold

special report - books



Four unique paperback books priced at \$2.25 each and published by Hamilton House have made their way to us recently. These are gay adventure novels that take us far away from the easy sophistication of city living into a rough world of gay machismo expertise. Each of these novels offer vividly rugged story telling against colorful natural backgrounds and all of them deal with the gay experience. No matter how snobbish your literary tastes may be you will have a difficult time putting these graphically absorbing works down once you've picked them up. There's a voyeur hidden in the best of us, and I defy any reader to pick one of these books up and not come away aroused as the story begins to unfold.

Tall Timber by Wolfe Bronson tells the story of rough Mariano who is tired of dominating his small lover Ebon. Mariano yearns for a rugged life far away from the city he feels trapped in. He wants very much to be handled as roughly as he handles others, and although he is tied to his submissive lover he dreams of finding the man who can chop him down to size. He and Ebon sign up for work in a lumber camp where among others they meet Quince the biggest stud of all, and where Mariano finally finds himself falling for Rap the only man capable of taking him by force. The life of a lumberjack is well captured, and you'll probably think of spending your vacation in the wild forests of Oregon or Minnesota once you've read the book.

E-Mission by Chad Stuart — the title is a pun of course — is a revealing tale of espionage and counter espionage sprinkled nutritiously with under the counter gay sex. Handsome Ty Hamilton works for a U.S. security force investigating some shady South American oil concerns. Ty is an expert in oil drilling operations and he is also an expert at drilling his lover Brad

Winslow who hasn't got the least suspicion of Ty's real mission in the tropical jungles. Before the story is over there are a few murders and a few surprises about the way spys spill out their secrets. It's a fast moving story where Mato Hari becomes a Hairy Mole for a change of pace. The ecology minded may balk at all the rough house in the bushes, but anyone who has ever broken the broken with a loved one should find plenty of food for thought following the adventures of Brad and Ty.

Saddle Buddy by Tex Shulanski describes the kind of man that keeps the West Wild. Cal is a drifting cowboy, used to moving around and sleeping with a different girl at every ranch. Then he meets Dennis and rough riding takes on an entirely new slant. Their rough and tumble adventures in the bunkhouse and out of it ought to be a quivering turn on to all members of the Levi set.

Hunk by Dick Baldwin should appeal to those interested in finding out the inside story on the back breaking life of an ordinary laborer. Thad is a young stud trained in the fields by his father who has allowed him to glimpse more of life than he is ready for. Fruit picking is all Thad has ever known and he works close to the fields until Boulder drives up one day and seduces him. They're coming together for the first time makes Boulder realize that Thad is what he has always wanted. But even though Thad is in love with Boulder he can't get his mind off his fantasy of making it with a big, beautiful Black stud. Thad's desire for a Black man presents several problems in his relationship with Boulder, but they are solved to everyone's satisfaction in the end. The book also deals clearly and meaningfully with promoting greater understanding between Black and White gays.

—Burton Stevens



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During the month of November the 10th Chicago International Film Festival got underway. This year the films were shown on alternate days at the Granada and Biograph theaters. Three films on the agenda were of special interest to gay viewers.

"A Bigger Splash" was a British import and a penetrating portrait of the agony embracing the tortured lives of two human beings both male. David Hockney, a gifted English painter, ostensibly a legend in his own time but a desperately lonely man. It's a searing story filmed with the real people involved actually playing their own parts. The shattering effects of a lover's quarrel are brutally bared. The searching, seeking, insatiable desire for a world without hurt, without rejection sometimes leads to flights of fantasy and the delicious absence of pain. Director Jack Hazan put it all together, and supposedly when the film was shown in New York it created such a sensation that even the reviewers from *After Dark* walked out.

Also from England, "Stardust" a super rock documentary directed by Michael Apted. It's the dynamic, true story of a rock group called the Stray Cats. It stars

David Essex as the group's lead singer, and the film concentrates on how the cats claw their way to the top from the year 1963 to the present. We see them propelled by unsavory promoters willing to buy and sell them at any cost. We witness the sell-outs, the cop-outs, the rip-offs, and the no-shows of their lives. At the center of it all stands David Essex as Jim the world's greatest rock idol wavering to center stage on his ultimate drugged trip. It's the kind of film that really blows the lid off the pop music industry in Great Britain.

"Once Upon a Time in the East" directed by Andre Brassard was a super sensation this year at Cannes. You can get anything you want at Sandra's. That's a cruisin' joint where people meet to love each other with gay abandon. One of the hangers-on is Helene who showed her displeasure with the cook by trying to drown him in his soup du jour. Hosanna, in the highest tradition of drag queens out-glitters all his/her competition as the Duchess of Langeais. This is the night world of Montreal east, where life cuts many strange patterns. Triumphs wait to crash. Love testers on the edge of hate. Nothing is normal or real except failure, and happiness is snatched on the wing. This is a tale of make believe and dire needs in the never-never land that most people believe does not exist somewhere in the east. The film was truly quite intriguing.

For the month of September, Chicago was the scene of the Fourth International Verdi Congress which coincided with the opening of the windy city's famed Lyric Opera. Musicologists of Verdian persuasion descended upon the city from all directions, and the musicologists themselves were descended upon by the controversial presence of Maria Callas. The imperious Mme. Callas swept into town scheduled to take part in an afternoon session of the Congress.

At the appointed time La Callas strode to the podium garbed in a floor length coffee colored skirt with taupe blouse, tastefully coiffed, and looking in rare form. From this point on, her adoring fans were to be alternately enthralled and disappointed. After a long list of superlatives La Divina was introduced as probably the only soprano in the world who knows what happens in the last act of *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Madame Callas didn't seem to understand the compliment intended in this little bit of humor. And lack of comprehension seemed to earmark the

rest of the afternoon: a question and answer period during which Callas evaded even the most mundane of musical questions.

This tactic of dodging the issue that the great soprano has often employed in past public appearances, served only to cause confusion about her intellectual capacities since dodging issues seemed highly unnecessary. The press made a big to do about the "controversial statements" Miss Callas gave utterance to, proclaiming that the fiery diva had vented her fury on the world of opera once again.

Her opinions, for the most part, seemed quite pedestrian. Whenever a specific question was put to her she over answered, never coming to a satisfactory point. The reverse seemed true of any general information one would try to extract from her. Amazingly, Callas gives a smoke screen treatment even to inquiries lacking any controversy whatsoever. Callas, the greatest communicator of emotions that the operatic stage has ever seen, can't express herself in simple conversation.

Yet she speaks fluently in several languages, is noted for her almost photographic ability to learn a score, and is thought of as the ultimate erudite where musical interpretation is concerned. One has one's doubts when careless statements seem to spin out before a house filled with Verdi experts. Such statements as: "... the best of Verdi was his very early period," or "Why bore the public by reviving unnecessary and lengthy music," or "the baritone aria in the second act of *La Traviata* should be cut." Perhaps these opinions do have merit when prefaced and clarified with cogent reasoning, but right now there seems to be a lack of communication between Callas and the operatic world. Unfortunately the afternoon degenerated into a mad tea party with Callas as the mad hatter. What a disappointment for her many fans who feel she ought to be a force for the reform of operatic doldrums.

Of further operatic interest was Lyric Opera's splendid production of Benjamin Britten's *Peter Grimes*. The opera had never been given in Chicago and it proved a triumph for the company. Everything worked together to provide a stirring and vivid evening of great music. It was a tour de force of all the component parts of the mechanism called opera.

Jon Vickers sang the role of the ill-fated English fisherman who is driven mad when

he is ostracized by his neighbors for the accidental death of an apprentice. Teresa Kubiak sang the poignant role of Grimes' only friend, Ellen Orford. Both of these singers and the entire cast were of the first rank. So far this has been one of Lyric's finest seasons. Bravo to Carol Fox, the company's general manager.

Finally a slightly unusual civil rights story that I think bears watching. It seems that David Gardner of Elk Grove Village, a suburb of Chicago, applied to the local fire department for the position of fireman. Evidently standard procedure called for the taking of a lie detector test, in addition to other rigorous qualifications Mr. Gardner submitted to the test, and answered all the questions truthfully, and therein lies the catch. Gardner was rejected for the job, about which he felt both disappointment, and curiosity. Curious, because in addition to fulfilling the standard requirements, he had two years of college and is a registered nurse. These are pluses to be sure that one doesn't usually run across in prospective applicants for firemen. On pursuing the matter further Gardner found that indeed he did qualify on all levels, and he scored in the upper six per cent of those tested. However one of the questions in the polygraph test, asks about homosexual experiences. Gardner admitted in the test that when he was nineteen he had a homosexual experience. Mr. Gardner is now 28 married and has two children.

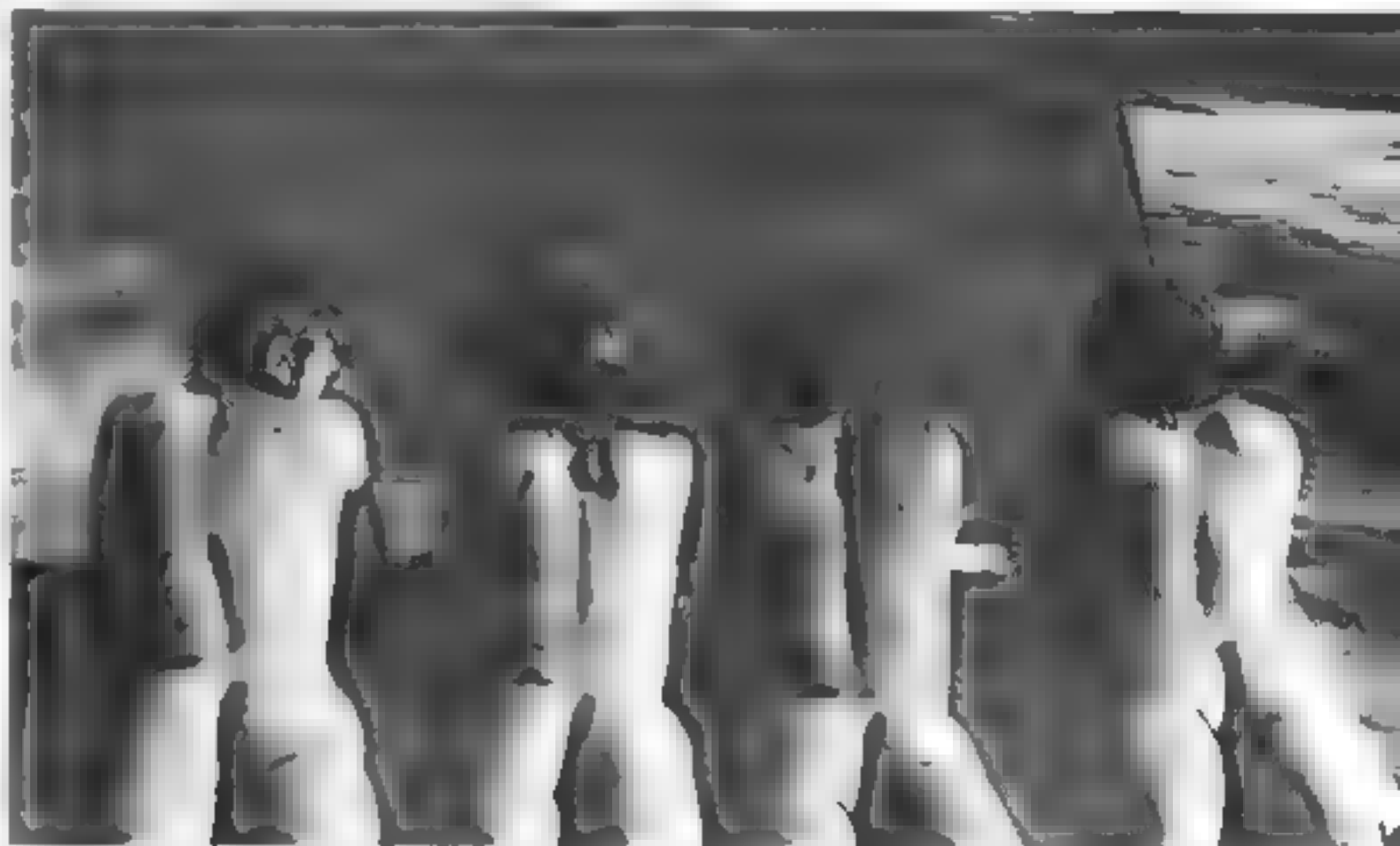
He found out that in all other areas pertinent to the job he was satisfactory. It was on the basis of his truthful answer in the homosexual matter, that he was rejected. The final say on such a matter of grave municipal importance goes to a review board, the Police and Fire Commission of Elk Grove Village. This august body of three gave David Gardner two thumbs down to one up when reviewing the matter.

The A.C.L.U. has entered the matter and it appears that the case will be a legal test. The offbeat nature of this case brings to my mind innumerable, combinations of similar circumstances that this case would cover, let alone the ramifications the final decision in this matter will bring. I must credit The Free Spirit Fellowship for helping to bring this incident to the attention of Chicago gays. I will try to follow this case in future articles.

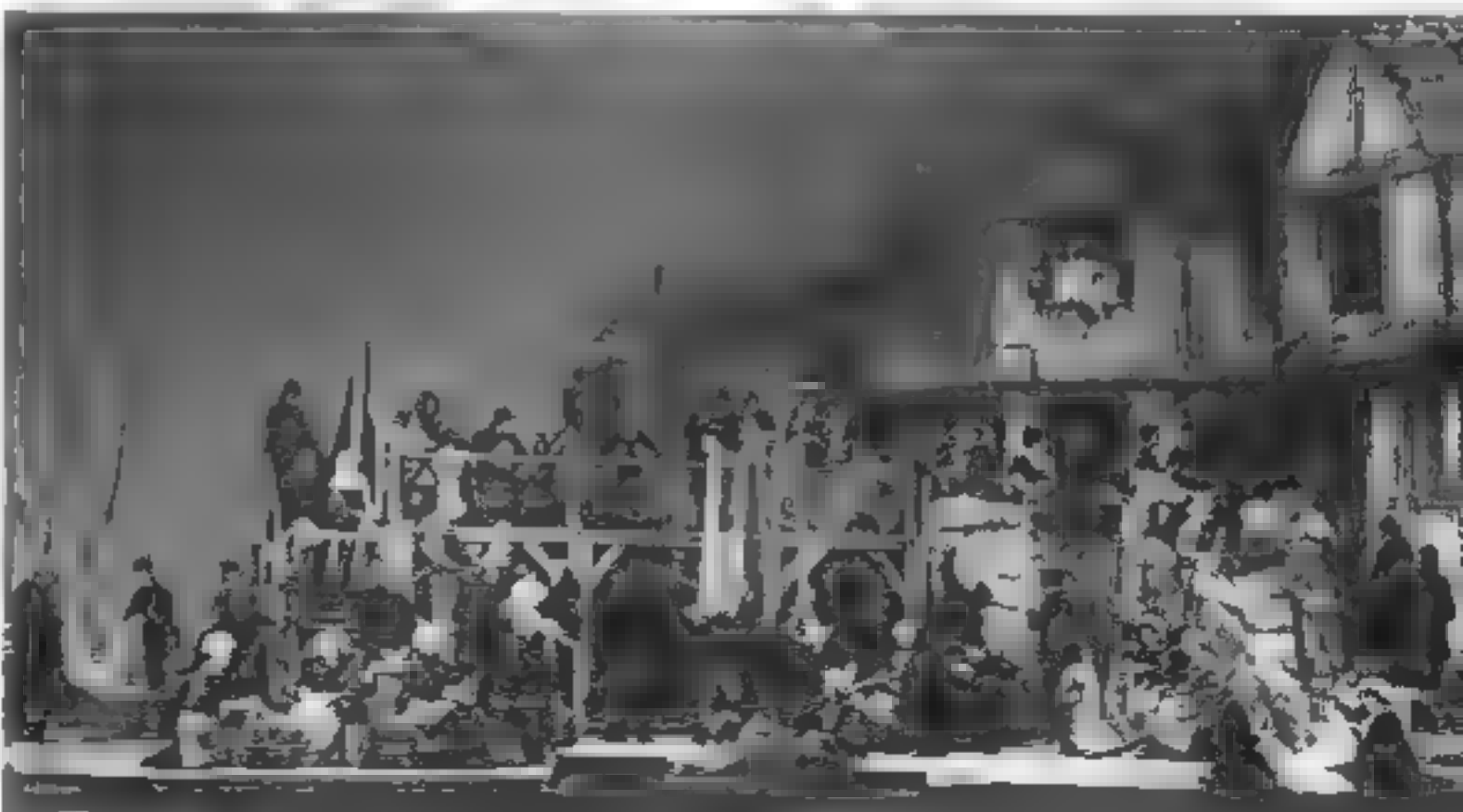
—ANDRE



'Once Upon a Time in the East'



'Peter Grimes' photo by David Fishman



'A Bigger Splash'



Douglas Dean's Bay Area Beat

Text by Doug Dean / Photos by William Douglas Ganslen



SAN FRANCISCO — Any production directed by William Ball for our local American Conservatory Theatre is certain to be interesting and controversial. From his innovative "Tiny Alice" during ACT's first season in 1966, through "Tartuffe" and his recent "Cyrano de Bergerac" — which was televised last spring — Ball has dazzled audiences with his bold approach to the theatre and with his style and ingenuity in staging.

Perhaps the gentleman's reputation has now become as much a hindrance as a help to him. No longer can he or his audience be satisfied with a simple straightforward interpretation of a classic or modern play; with each production he must come up with some new gimmick equally if not more spectacular than the last.

But no big league ballplayer hits a home run every time, and no director (regardless of how gifted or imaginative he may be) scores a smash success with every effort.

With Shakespeare's "Richard III," opening the 1974-'75 season, Ball has come a-cropper. In spite of its lavish costumes and brilliant technical effects, this interpretation of the Bard's fascinating study in evil and human greed, staged with kabuki-like overtones, just doesn't work. Individual scenes are often spell-binding, individual perfor-

mances are very good, but the sum-total of the production doesn't jell into a rewarding experience.

When an audience is more aware of theatrical effects however skillful they may be, then it is attentive to the drama's inner conflict, the impression of the most powerfully written play is automatically diminished.

An illustration of what I'm talking about takes place in Ball's "Richard III" when the ambitious hunchback sends two men to murder Clarence. These men may be dolts, but are they buffoons? Percussion instruments oddly punctuate every move, every gesture which the two men make. The scene is turned into a vaudeville sketch. The audience is admittedly delighted, but the horror and the pathos which the scene should have is completely lost, sacrificed for the sake of the director's cleverness. Such things as this keep ACT's "Richard III" from being as compelling as it might be.

The title role in this production which incidentally will be in the company's repertoire for the next several months, is essayed by a young Korean actor named Randall Duk Kim. He is well equipped for the demands of the part and makes an impressive San Francisco debut as the ill-fated King Richard. Marrian Walters and Hope Alexander-Willis, two well-known local actresses are excellent in top female

roles. Randall Smith, who plays the Earl of Richmond, successor to Richard, shows off a superb body and looks amazingly like Marc Singer, one of the company's former stars (and featured in October's *N TOUCH*). The trouble is, he doesn't have quite the same ability. He is sort of a Singer without the song. A pretty boy though.

Ibsen's "A Pillar of the Community," which the company opened as its second production of the season in late October is surprisingly effective. When I heard ACT was going to dust this one off I thought, "My God, leave it in the library." Well, it just shows you how wrong I was, and how wrong a lot of other people were, too, who agreed with me.

"Pillar" turns out to be quite modern in its theme with the drama's central problem — that of an esteemed public figure who has sustained his career on lies and deceit — reminiscent of recent headlines. Ibsen may also have been one of the world's first Women's Libbers. Lona Hessel in "Pillar" is certainly an advanced woman for her time, and one is reminded that she joins not only Nora in "A Doll's House" but also Hedda Gabler, Hilda Wangel and numerous other Ibsen heroines who are spirited free-thinking females.

ACT's production of "Pillar" is staged by Allen Fletcher, who has also made the



(Left) Elizabeth Cole and Rave Birk are featured in the American Conservatory Theater's new production of "King Richard II." This Shakespeare's tragedy also features (center) Stephen Schnetzer and Randall Duk Kim. Henrik Ibsen's 1877 drama, "Pillars of the Community," is enhanced with the performances of (right) Barbara Dirckson and Charles Lanyer.

admirable transition. Fletcher is to be commended for not permitting any instincts of his own to interfere with the author's intent. The result is a satisfying presentation.

Earl Boen as Karsten Bernick, the mislabeled "pillar of the community," was noticeably nervous on opening night but will no doubt settle down into a smoother performance as he relaxes in the part. Elizabeth Huddle brings the breath of fresh air into the proceedings which the role of Lona Hessel requires. However, I found her strangely out of key with the rest of the production. Lona is advanced for her time, yes, but she is still restrained by some conventions and must deport herself as a woman of the 19th century. Huddle plays the part in too loose and contemporary a fashion, without the correct sense of period.

Secondary characters are well performed, with Sydney Walker particularly amusing as Hilmar Tonneson and Charles Lanyer sympathetic and convincing as Johan Tonneson.

I'm glad ACT has dug this one out of the archives. In a lifetime of theatre-going I've never seen "A Pillar of the Community" before, and I don't know anyone

else who has, either. So here's our chance to enjoy a minor but very good play by a writer whose realistic style and social consciousness had such a profound influence on many of the dramatists whose works we see today. We owe a debt of gratitude to ACT for giving us the treat.

DEAN'S DIVERSIONS. You have to hand it to H. L. Perry. There's a man with persistence! A year or so ago he established himself as San Francisco's Grand Duchess, without too much support from other title holders and local gay organizations.

In October of this year, at special ceremonies and a ball in the Crystal Room of the Hotel Bellevue, Perry announced his successor, chosen by popular vote. Judging by the eminent personages who were present at this event, it looks as if the title of Grand Duchess is now officially recognized. Just shows how will and determination pay off, even in the gay world.

Gene Carter was elected as the city's second Grand Duchess, with Lee Raymond chosen as a princess of the realm. On hand to congratulate the winners and

wish them well were such notables as Empress Reba IX, Ron Ross (Mr. Gay San Francisco), the Emperor and Empress of Santa Rosa, Hector Navarro (the president of S.F.R.) and many others. Joe Rollin, who is currently vice-president of the influential Tavern Guild, accepted the title of Grand Duke which was bestowed on him by Perry with special words of praise.

On a late Sunday afternoon I caught a show called "Casualty Capers '74," presented by the combined bike clubs of San Francisco. Ordinarily the thought of sitting through a long series of drag numbers in which the leather and levi guys or anybody else, for that matter, do their things, does not thrill me beyond belief — but I decided to attend this event because the proceeds were going to a worthy cause.

I was pleasantly surprised. The show was strictly amateur night, of course, but it was fun and some of the numbers were rather well done.

Reps for the Warlock and C.M.C. did a bit called "Colorado Love Song" which was a take-off on the old Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy duets. It stopped the show. So did another group from C.M.C. with "Wait for Me, Marlene." And an unidentified independent was excellent in his rendition of "I Want You To Be My Baby," miming with both skill and enthusiasm.

The Interclub Fund, which sponsors these yearly programs, was formed by the bike clubs for the purpose of maintaining a reserve fund to aid victims of accidents and serious illnesses. Bravo, you guys!

RISING STAR. After hearing pros and cons about him for a couple of years now I finally got around to seeing Craig Russell, who played a brief ten-day engagement at Jackson's Penthouse, the new plush room above the long-famous restaurant at Bay and Powell Streets.

Craig has an amazing repertoire of famous ladies which he impersonates in his act. We're all used to the Bette Davis, Tallulah Bankhead, Kate Hepburn, Judy Garland, Marlene Dietrich stuff (and when are any of the impersonators, including Craig, going to realize that it's not amusing to ridicule these women because of their ages?) but where he really shines, in my opinion, is in his imitations of such seldom-done ladies as Debra Rees, Sarah Vaughn, Shirley Bassey, Sophie Tucker, Alice Faye — and, believe

it or not, Jayne Mansfield and Dons Day

Craig appeared in only three costumes the night I saw his act. Costumed as Carol Channing he did a running routine which allowed him to depart from an impersonation of Carol by permitting Carol to impersonate Mae West, Shirley Temple, Marlene, etc. It worked and the audience ate him up. For his second show, he paid a tribute to Peggy Lee, gowned and coiffed as Peggy herself, but departed into still other characterizations. Then he topped himself with an expert impression of Tallulah — appropriately wigged and attired, of course.

On y serious criticism I have of Craig's work is his diction. In his attempt to characterize Peggy Lee's somewhat lazy style, for example, his lyrics became slurred and indistinct. But this is a minor complaint against a boy who is definitely on his way up.

DOLG'S DOODLES. It's an old Swedish proverb "The wise man travels. The foolish man wanders" . . . Reaction to Lane Bateman's play, "Kiss The Sky" presented here by S.I.R. was very mixed with many people glad to see a play taking a positive stand on gay life styles. There was, however, a lot of criticism of how this was done, both by playwright and director . . . Halloween was a mad night in the S.F. gay world. We'll have photos for you in the next issue. This reporter was a costume judge at the Olympus, where Charles Pierce and Lori Shannon were mc's . . . Our own Sweetlips staged his "Koppout Kapers" at Darcell's in Portland on November 9th, and S.F.'s newly elected Emperor Bob Cramer led a large gay group which flew to the City of Roses to attend their coronation ceremonies on Nov. 10th . . . That sensational photographer Roy Dean was in town, chiefly for the purpose of driving his friend Hermoine Gingold back to L.A. after her brief stand in shint here in "A Little Night Music." Roy's new book, "An Ecstasy in Eden" features well-known S.F. model and contest winner Norman Hughes. Norman invited me to join Roy and other friends for dinner at the P.S. Delightful . . . Attended a reception and cocktail party for Ethel Merman, who did a series of concerts here in October. I'll be telling you more about La Merm later . . . That's all for this month. Just remember, regular trips to your local VD clinic means never having to say you're sorry ●

L.A.-The City of the Angels

BY GLEN SPENCER

Before we list the exciting new events currently unfolding in the Los Angeles area we have to come to an understanding. Actually there are two types of happenings in the gay community: There are those which are strictly gay or at least directed towards a select group. And second there are those which are "open to the public" but where it is very possible to meet someone who could make the trip worth it. After all, meeting new faces is a game we all seem to like to play.

Let's start off with a bargain. These are hard to come by these days with inflation and all, but it goes to show if you look hard enough you'll trip over something nice — maybe.

Every Sunday a club/bar called B.J.'s, 2692 La Cienega Blvd. features a home-cooked dinner for only fifty cents. (No tip is necessary so don't think that's where they make their profit.) It's served from 5 to 7 p.m. and you don't have to dress for the occasion. (Please wear at least a towel when you make your spectacular entrance.) Have the change ready in your hot little hand and you'll get something hot in return.

Do you feel like moving along now with no interruption? How about rollerskating at the Hollywood Rollerbow? Yes, such a place does exist in the so-called heart of Hollywood. The MCC Choir group sponsored one such event for Halloween and if enough people are interested in continuing this happening it could be a monthly affair. The Bowl is located at 5612 West Sunset. No Roller Derby Girls allowed, you're too tough for the bouncers to handle.

There has to be some serious moments in your wild young life so consider a trip

to UCLA to hear Jim Kepner lecturing on the Gays in history. The one in November included a "tour" of La Belle France. I guarantee you won't be bored and you'll meet many intellectuals like yourself. (That wasn't meant to be funny, only an observation.) This takes place in Room 184 every Wednesday from 7 to 10 p.m.

And now how about a visit to one of Hollywood's legendary establishments? The interior is almost the same as the original 1940 steam bath. We're talking about the Hollywood Spa, 1769 N. Cahuenga — 1/2 block north of Hollywood Blvd. No membership is necessary and you can either have a private room — with its own vestibule — or a locker upstairs.

At one time this exclusive Swedish massage parlor served both men and women. You can still operate the same equipment! Sauna, steam rooms and hidden jacuzzis are spread over two floors. Also there's a small pool — I think it's heated or maybe it was only hot that one night — on the first floor with fluorescent light. You can get any effect you want with the right pose.

And now it's time to dry off and get back on the road. Attention, Gay Youth! (Yes, we do give them a lot of attention, don't we?) Are you in the mood to rap? Well at least nod your head or do something, don't just sit there!

The Gay Community Services Center at 1614 Wilshire Blvd., is having a rap session for young gays. You'll be amazed at some of the subjects discussed. Many problems are approached with uncompromising maturity. "How To Get Ahead In The Business World With A Gay Attitude" and "Is It Worth Going With An

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Older Guy?" No comment on the last subject

The Paris Theatre at 8163 Santa Monica Blvd. has apparently decided to go legit. By that I mean they are preparing future gay stage events. Coming soon, live on stage, will be an unusual nude musical revue. This premieres October 23 and there's no telling how long it will run. According to the news release this show will exhibit "Every love act known plus a new one never before seen." How about that? It might get a triple X-rating so have your I.D. handy

Don Legg will give a "Critique of Establishment Sociology" at the Sociology of Homosexuality class. All of this happens at the ONE Institute, 2256 Venice Blvd. from 8 to 10 p.m. There is a one dollar donation

And as long as you're on the walks of Venice, take a stroll out to the pier. Lots of interesting souls wandering about. You might end up having an interesting game of chess. And you do know how to checkmate, don't you, fellow?

The next item is for those of us who are nervous and highstrung (The line forms to the left!) A guy by the name of George Ferris is featuring an Acupressure

Massage. According to the inventor it has many therapeutic values. The vents takes place at the Triune Center, 3497 Cahuenga Blvd. West. Give them a call at 851-3611

Here's some interesting news for you dudes with long hair. So you've been thinking about getting it cut but don't have the bread. Don't worry about a thing, we have your problem solved — I think. Anyway, there's a place that calls themselves Jr. Haircutters who offer free haircuts to all who give them a call. OL 7-4551. Ask for Paul McGregor

A so-called gay farce is playing at the Cailboard Theatre. The lead is a hunky blonde number who strips down to his jockey shorts. If you like that kind of thing — sit in the back row if you become emotional — get yourself a ticket at 8451 Melrose Place. Curtain time is 8 p.m. Take a friend or meet one at intermission

Some events are difficult to predict for the future. (This column is being written late in October) SPREE usually has unique events going on at the Troupers Hall at 1625 N. La Brea. For instance on November 12, John Langston's "Tricking Double" will be shown live on stage. On the same bill will be some special Pat Roc-

co films. (You don't hear too much about this talented gentleman these days. One wonders if he has decided to go into other fields of entertainment

One tremendous advantage about living in the Los Angeles area is the gay information readily available via radio. One such viable source is KPFK 97.7 on the dial. Their "Commentary from the Gay Community Services Center" is quite informative. At press-time we don't know if it is possible to call in for on-the-air discussion but we think this would be an excellent addition to the program. Many problems are discussed along with meaningful commentaries on Gay life in Southern California. Listen in and let them know what's on your mind

How about relaxing on a Sunday morning instead of being uptight from a disappointing Saturday night? Or don't you experience things like that? (Be honest!) Anyway, the Gallery Inn, 11938 Ventura Blvd., Studio City (just east of Laurel Canyon) is an interesting place to be early (starts at 11:00 a.m.) Sunday morning

What does 'interesting' mean? Well, there's usually a wait for tables. (No reservations on Sunday) And standing—

Continued on Page 58.

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LOS ANGELES / Continued

it's better than sitting 'cause you can be so much more mobile — around the bar you can accidentally bump into some new friends. Everyone seems to be so open during this time of day. Maybe the stiff inhibitions have melted away during those previous late hot hours.

What is your feeling about meeting a new friend at a movie? Is it possible to have an instant rapport with a stranger in the lobby? Of course it all depends upon the individual and the situation, still it is an intriguing thought.

The MCC Social Hall, 1050 South Hill Street in downtown Los Angeles, features a movie every Monday night. Give them a call to see what will be showing. They have a friendly voice on the phone and might even give you a free bag of popcorn as you enter. Then again, they might not.

Christmas and New Year's news we save for last. The reason being is that most of you will be on the move during this time of year. Maybe it's back home to see faces you promised you'd see months or years ago but just couldn't get around to making the necessary arrangements. Or you might decide to stay in town and say to hell with it.

Be sure and visit Griffith Park and do some Christmas sightseeing. All the pine will be in full bloom. Don't pick any because it belongs to the city but they can't charge you for taking a deep breath and inhaling that magnificent pine aroma.

And, of course, directly following the Christmas parade the day before Thanksgiving the boulevard will come alive with visitors from all over the country. Keep smiling and you'll get your hot toddy before all the rest of us.

Now it's time for a Christmas/New Year's Special! All of you people planning parties and you don't know what to do about amusing those restless guests, attention. A two-part super 8 film is available at no charge. It features the regal events of the Queen of Hearts Ball and gives an intimate view of this spectacular yearly event. All you have to do is call (213) 823-6668 and ask for John or Louis. They'll be glad to set up all the equipment and perhaps even act as a temporary host.

Remember, even though L.A. is the city of angels — some of us are still trying to spread our wings. ●

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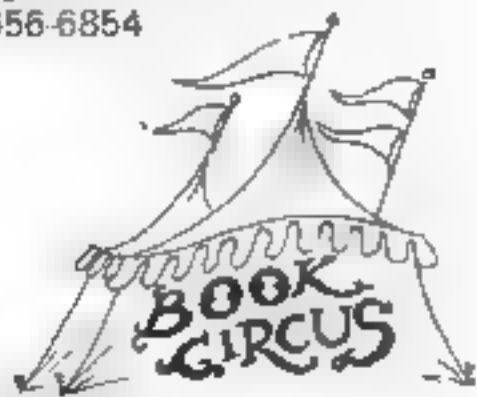
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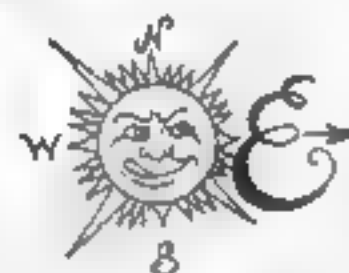
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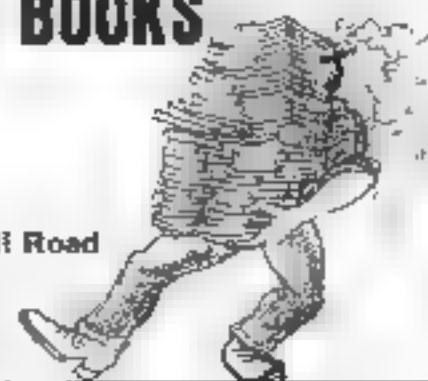
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THE OLDEST GAY STORIES IN THE WORLD

BY JIM KEPNER

Good literature like good food nourishes our spirit while delighting our senses. But most Gays have been fed a literary diet which left the Gay part of their palates dulled and their emotions undernourished — however wholesome it may have been for their hetero peers.

It requires some ability to read between the lines — though we of course don't want to read what isn't there. It needs much correcting of hetero-biased versions (many translations which turn certain poems hetero by changing the gender of one lover); but a vast body of Gay Literature is there for all to see, if we just search. From half to one third of the world's best literature contains some Gay themes, though not always in today's Gay terminology.

To understand antique literature, we must consider not only how the wording strikes us today, but how it reflects what a very different people thought of themselves. The truism that people in all times and places were very much alike is patently false. We want to understand how Gay consciousness has evolved through the ages. It certainly took some turnings that are strange to us. For example, in those societies where virtually all men engaged in some homosexual behavior, we may still find prejudice expressed against the man who was really "that way."



THE FIRST GAY STORIES

The world's oldest surviving writings came out of times when people tended to worship openly the powers of sexuality and to regard those who were sexually "different" as having special magical powers which might be exerted against other persons or against the spirits of the earth and sky. We see this in reports in recent "primitive" societies of often transvestist shamans, witch doctors, sibyls, and we see it clearly in the transsexual

wiseman Tiresias, written about by Greece's earliest poets, Homer and Hesiod.

The blind seer Tiresias lived for seven lifespans and ancient writers gave varied accounts of his blindness. One had him witness two snakes coupling on a mountainside — an unlucky thing to see. He killed the female snake and was himself transformed into a woman, spending seven years as a notorious harlot. The

Continued from page 61

next time he saw snakes fucking he killed the male and got his masculinity back

Zeus and Hera, the king and queen of heaven, were later arguing whether men or women got more pleasure from sex. They asked Tiresias who'd had it both ways. When he agreed with Zeus that women enjoy it more, Hera angrily blinded him, but Zeus gave him long life and second sight, so he afterward foretold the fate of Oedipus, the Argonauts, the Seven Against Thebes and, from Hades, of Odysseus

Homer's ILLIAD, virtually the Greek Bible, revolves around one of the great homophile love stories, though Homer was the least pro-Gay of major Greek writers. When the old Greek heroes collected to bring Helen back from Troy, Achilles' sea goddess mother, knowing that he would die if he went to battle and live obscurely if he didn't, dressed him as a girl and hid him at the court of Lycomedes. (Achilles rewarded his host by impregnating Lycomedes' daughter.)

A seer told the Greeks they could only defeat Troy with Achilles' aid, so Greek envoys visited Lycomedes to trick Achilles into revealing his masculinity, after which

he led his Myrmidon warriors to battle. Joined by his intimate friend Patroclus, he ravaged the Trojan coast, capturing Briseus, a slain king's widow. Agamemnon, the contentious Greek commander, took Briseus for himself, and the great Achilles angrily withdrew from battle, letting the Greeks suffer years of defeat at Trojan hands.

Hetero critics insist that Homer never says that Achilles and Patroclus had sex, also that both had hetero attachments (most Greeks didn't regard homosexual and heterosexual behavior as mutually exclusive); nonetheless, the greatest of world epics turns on a clearly homophilic relationship. Homer's account of Achilles mourning shows clearly that this was not "just friendship" and other Greek writers were explicit on that. Aeschylus had Achilles at the funeral pyre complaining "You did not appreciate my admiration of your thighs, ungrateful you were for our many kisses." Others held that the older Patroclus was the lover and the beautiful Achilles the beloved.

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seemed part of a common stock of myths stretching from India to Lybia to Scandinavia. Gay bits abound: from Zeus' rape of the beautiful boy Ganyমেদে who was made cupbearer to the gods; to Heracles' love both for Hylas and for Lelaus; to Poseidon's love for Pelops and the curse on the Thebans which flowed from Chryssipus' rape of Pelops' son; to Apollo's love for Hyacinthos and several others; to the killing of Orpheus by the Circoneian women because he spurned their love and chose boys instead; to Niobe's fateful insult calling Leto the mother of a masculine daughter and an effeminate son; to the gender ambiguity of that playmate Pallas whom the young Athena killed; to Dionysus' affair with Polymnus.

The elder god Uranus (his name though masculine in form means queen of the mountains) being not born of female was sometimes considered the patron god of male homosexuals. The story of how he got his genitals sliced off by his usurping son Chronos (the severed meat and blood, thrown into the sea, gave birth to the Three Fates or Norns, and, some say, to Aphrodite goddess of love) was apparently taken by Hesiod from older

Syrian legends. Chronos, fearful lest his sons castrate and dethrone him, ate them, but Zeus escaped and did his father in.

The Hurrian version of this, from Ugarit or Ras Shamra, includes elements of the Jacob-wrestling-the-angel story, of Ham's attempted rape of Noah, of Pandora's box and of Jack and the beanstalk.

Anu (URANUS) was for years grand vizier to the lord of heaven, then rose up and supplanted him. His own vizier Kumarbi served an equal time then rose up against Anu. Their world-shaking wrestling match ended when Kumarbi bit Anu in the "thigh." (In the Bible, which incorporates Ugaritic story fragments, thigh is a euphemism for a more intimate part of anatomy. When Jacob wrestled all night with a man later called an angel Jacob's thigh shrank after he was grabbed there. We are left uncertain as to the exact nature of his injury.) Does what happened to Anu throw light on it?

Kumarbi shouted that he's unmanned Anu, but the latter though sorely distressed at his loss warned that the seed Kumarbi had swallowed would make him pregnant — and how can a pregnant male deliver?

In horror, Kumarbi spit out most of

what he'd bitten off, but he had indeed swallowed some of the semen. The emasculated Anu could no longer rule, but Kumarbi, growing grotesquely pregnant, was in equally shameful condition. He swelled up fantastically, and the gods tried various stratagems to lure his progeny out through the mouth or ear, but the little monsters wouldn't risk being bitten, or crushed in the narrow ear channels. Anu couldn't be avenged until Kumarbi delivered his offspring, so one god finally lanced the pregnancy, and something like the issue of Pandora's box spewed forth. One monster remained inside and the story went on and on.

Kumarbi decided that the gods in heaven were all against him. He consulted the sea god who told him to go fuck a particular mountain, that the resulting child, made of stone, would shoot up like a lance to quickly pierce the firmament of heaven and topple the gods from their thrones. This happened despite the best seductive efforts of Ishtar (the Syrian Aphrodite) to distract history's fastest-growing erection.

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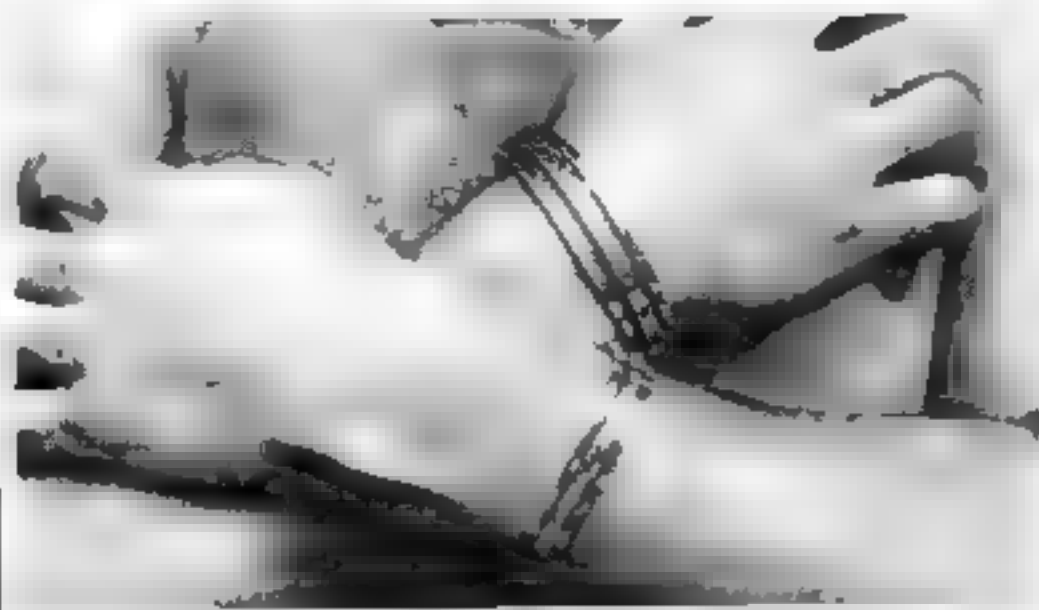
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Continued from page 63

and much could be said to explain the real meaning of some passages regarded as blanket condemnations of all Gays.

But it is overlooked that the Bible contains many passages which reflect less judgemental attitudes (though some passages have been distorted by bad translations). If Leviticus calls it an abomination for a man to "lie" with a man, Ecclesiastes 4:11, using the same verb, recommends men lying together to get warmth. Some will protest that it doesn't specify males, but the complete paragraph (the modern division into verses breaks up the original sentence structure) clearly talks of the advantages of two men being close, and ends up saying that three are even better! Even Jesus in Luke 17:34 says that if two men are in bed together at the time of the second coming, one may be saved and one lost. Our critic will say that being in bed doesn't mean sex, but why didn't he raise that objection to Leviticus' ban on man lying with man?

Our concern here is with stories. The Bible contains only about four love stories, other than those told in just a verse or two, and the best of both kinds are homoerotic.

I won't repeat them here, but certainly the Bible's most passionate story is that of David and Jonathan, a love "surpassing the love of women" (David spoke from experience) which runs from First Samuel chapter 18 to Second Samuel chapter one.

The short book of Ruth contains a lovely story of love between women. That both were married (Ruth was David's grandmother and an ancestor of both Jesus' parents) is irrelevant — all women except whores had to marry — and Naomi emphasizes the social disadvantages of her daughter-in-law following her to a foreign land.

We've all heard that heterosexuality exists because God wanted it that way, but as many classic Jewish philosophers have noted with more humor than Christian theologians can muster, that isn't quite how the book of Genesis put it. When God saw that Adam (who was created both male and female, or hermaphroditic) was lonesome in Eden, God decided Adam needed a helpmate or partner. Instead of spitting off Eve from one side of Adam right away, what God did was to create all the animals and birds and bring them to Adam on ap-

proval. Only after Adam found none of them satisfactory did God make Eve and administer the marital words.

Several books in the Bible have gone through stages of editing, so that the original stories sometimes become unclear, as in the case of four separate accounts in the books of Kings where we are told that each successive king who "did that which was pleasing in the sight of the Lord" broke down "the houses of the sodomites which were built in the days of his father." This is mystifying. A good king cleans out the sodomites which his bad father had set up then another good king cleans out the sodomites which his good father had set up, and on and on. Have we perhaps misunderstood it? It seems that the houses of the sodomites (a mistranslation really) had nothing to do with whether a king was good or bad, as with fertility rites generally in ancient lands, the old houses were broken down when each new king came in just as Pharaoh's servants were buried alive with him. The earlier custom was to kill the king himself each year, or later every seventh year, to insure the fertility of the earth.

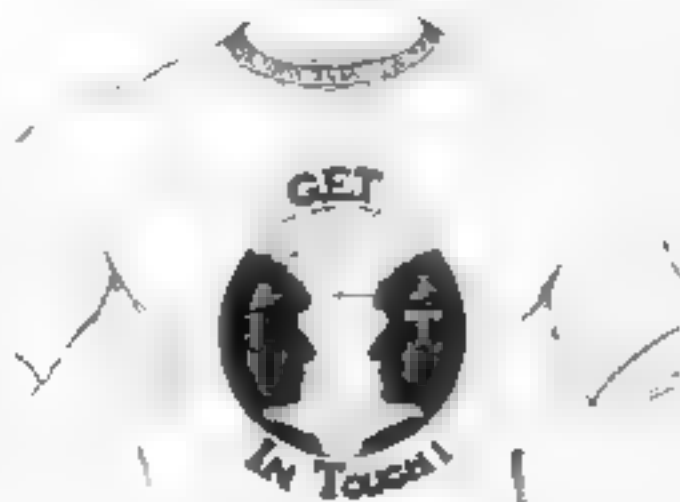
The term which is translated as sodomite is the male form of the ancient Hebrew word QADHESH, meaning temple prostitute. Near eastern peoples until very recent times had priest-prostitutes of both genders around or inside every temple. Their duty was to initiate adolescents into sexuality, and during religious festivals, they took on all comers. A boy generally, it was felt, couldn't become masculine until someone had literally planted the seed in him and a highly idealized version of this idea is what the Greek philosophers continued to talk about as in Plato's dialogues, THE SYMPOSIUM, THE LYSIS and THE PHAEDRUS.

There are scores of other cryptic stories in the Old Testament and a few in the new (the raising of Lazarus from the dead, and also of the Centurion's boy-lover) which find their explanation with the addition of such background information.

It is one of the prime areas where an understanding of the history of Gay literature can contribute a lot to the understanding of where we are and what we are today. And hopefully, new generations of Gays growing up can achieve more self-accepting attitudes by cutting their eye-teeth on literary treasures which have had the Gay parts restored . . . ●

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JOHN CALVIN / Continued

up enough to go back to school

"I applied for another driveaway car and returned to UCLA. I wanted my BA and I wanted to learn how to be an actor. My mentor, Edward K. Martin, said, 'It's like laying bricks. It's a craft you have to learn.' Professor Martin teaches acting and theatre arts. He's thirty-five, he's an excellent teacher, and I still study with him. He knows me inside and out. He knows all my covers, all my ploys, all my motivating factors. I really respect the man and I love him. I signed up as a theatre major and I've been learning from him for five years now. I did Mr. Hossefrosse in *The Torchbearers* by George Kelly but, at the time, I was a bullshit artist. I knew nothing about acting. I was older than most of the students at the time, being twenty-one and an ex-GI. I did Fullendorf's *Does a Tiger Wear a Necktie?* and Genet's *The Balcony* in the part of the executioner. At the Marin County summer stock Shakespeare Festival, I played Vincentio and the tailor under a wig, and Fluellen in *Henry V*. I did everything I got a chance to do. In *The Tempest* I was cast as a dancer and a mariner.

"I did Arthur Kopet's *Indians* for the Hugh O'Brian Acting Award, lost, but won John Crosby as my agent. Renee Valenti, head of casting for Screen



Gems, invited me to read for a part in a Bobby Sherman show. I landed the role of Hank, a gas station attendant, in one of the segments.

"I started waiting tables at the Bratskellar in Westwood, Plato's, Scandia, Stephanino's, and Oscar's [a restaurant on top of the Holiday Inn]. Here, you take the order, go to the kitchen to fill it and come back to find your table is

gone. The floor has revolved and you've got to relocate it. I started to do TV and when I signed for the part of a convict in a 'Cade's Country' with Glenn Ford, I announced that this was my last day of waiting tables. They congratulated me and hoped I'd return as a patron. I did the lead, Gregg, in a 'Mod Squad' called The Tangled Web as one of Peggy Lipton's ex-lovers. I followed this with Johnny, witness to a murder, in a 'Cannon' and a CBS pilot, 'The Living End', with Lou Gossett and the late Diana Sands. I played Richie Hill, a football player. In 1971, I did Howie in a Screen Gems pilot for 'The Paul Lynde Show'. Howie was originally a 1947 Broadway play written by Bobrick and Clark. It sold and I worked the show for 26 weeks. We rehearsed five days and shot live. I would say hello to Mr. Lynde every morning and never got a civil answer back. He said, 'My career is on the line, not yours.'

"The executive producer Harry Ackerman, apologized to me for Paul's behavior. But I learned comedy from him. He was the taskmaster. He demanded perfection and he got it. When the series went off the air, John Crosby

went with IFA and I went along with him. Actually, the whole 'Paul Lynde Show' was an IFA package. After it folded, I had a dry spell.

"That spring, I went to Dallas to do *The Star Spangled Girl* as Norman, the part Richard Benjamin played on Broadway. Svbiil was played by E. J. Peaker. Then I returned to L.A. and joined Milton Katzelas' acting class on Robertson Blvd. I did *Sweet Bird of Youth* in his Workshop. I'd like to do the whole play now. In this class were: David Carradine, Jan-Michael Vincent, Edward Albert, Jr., Bob Urich (of *Bob, Carol, Ted & Alice*; he played Bob), Joan Darling (she's teaching a class now, she did a *St. Joan* for the Workshop which was phenomenal), Wes Stern and John David Carson. It was good to walk into the jaws of hell and compete with great actors and know you can survive. I felt very good about myself afterwards.

"The following season I did a DuPont Special called 'Legend in Granite' with Ernest Borgnine. Ernest played Vince Lombardi of the Green Bay Pack. I played Paul Hornung who was

Continued on page 68

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called the Golden Boy. He was All-American quarterback for Notre Dame and halfback for the Green Bay Packers. Mr. Hornung was technical advisor on this Universal TV show. I did a Movie of the Week called *Winter Kill* with Andy Griffith and Nick Nolte [interviewed for IN TOUCH]. I played the part of Jerry Troy, Andy's protégé. We had a father-and-son relationship. A rookie and an old-time cop learn from each other."

"And now *Bus Stop*. Who is Leslie Cutler? I've never heard of him."

"He worked for the Kenley Circuit in Ohio. I'd like to do the play in Los Angeles but I think it would be a much more solid production if they had different actors in the cast."

"Amen," I agreed. "What is your weight?"

"One eighty five."

"Your height?"

"Six feet, two and a half inches."

"Hobbies?"

"Sailing. I play guitar. I sing. Between baritone and tenor. I write songs and I collect hats. All kinds. Bowlers,

top hats, Yellow Cab hats, hard hats. I've got a hat from the Tony Curtis movie, *The Great Race*, from the guy who was the human cannonball. I've got an Indian headdress too."

"What kind of food do you fancy?"

"At home, I'm geared to speed. Whatever's easy to make. The Tepperod Thai Restaurant is a favorite of mine. I like Thai food. I'm a meat and potatoes man."

"What sort of person are you and what does the future hold?"

"I'm a confirmed loner and bachelor, basically. It's hard for me to picture the future. I want a career in motion pictures rather than in television. Everything you do as a human being . . . all of your most painful and pleasurable experiences, are applicable to your craft. This past year my parents split up after 30 years. It had a very traumatic effect on me. My father remarried immediately. She seems like a strong woman. She had been a nurse of mine in high school and she patched up my hand once. I'm sure it's hurt my mother. I cruised to Alaska recently and invited her along but she wasn't interested. Besides, now she's an

elementary school librarian and she doesn't want to jeopardize her job.

"I live for today. I realize that, while I live in the lap of luxury now, others are not so fortunate. My past has told you that. For every person that *has*, there is someone who *has not*. I believe all people want to live well. Within the framework of capitalism, I want to live as well as I can. But universal medicare, universal dental care and educational programs for the minority groups will ultimately come into being in the year 2000. Actors have a tendency to fall into the elite culture because of the star's status for living.

"Entertainment will ultimately become a social force. TV will never be a major force because it is maintained by big business and must retain the status quo. We're living in the atomic age. A fucking bomb could be dropped tomorrow. We are all living in an era of incredible change. As an actor, I can make people laugh. I can make people cry. But I can't stop the tide from coming in. I want to survive the tidal wave as best I know how. I want to be the best actor I know how to be." ●



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Morelio: "I used to work at the old Gay Community Services Funky Shop on

Sunset Boulevard and we had a large sign that would cause people to stop their cars and stare. Some would park and come in and say: 'Right in the middle of Sunset Boulevard?'"

"I don't know whether they disapproved or were ecstatic for us. But times have certainly changed since then."

Kilhefner: "Yes, indeed. The Grayline Tours now drive past. The Gay Community Services Center is on their itinerary and we're pointed out to gawking passengers. We have come full circle. We are now an historical landmark on a Los Angeles County Grayline Tour. And we're open to people of all ages."

Editor: "As an old fogey, I was personally stunned to see a young boy here the other evening who could not have been more than fourteen."

Kilhefner: "We get them as young as twelve."

Editor: "Do non-gays come here?"

Kilhefner: "Oh yes. We're one of the few clinics that are open evenings and Saturday mornings so that working people can take advantage of our facilities. Dr. Sachs of the County Health Department has gone on record saying that we have the finest V.D. Clinic in the area. This has come about because the workers in our clinic have established distinguished reputations outside the gay community for the outstanding quality of their medical care. As a result, a lot of non-gay people are directed here. We never ask a patient if he is gay or not. We are open to all. We certainly don't want our non-gay brothers to get up-tight for the very reasons we established our clinic."

Editor: "Have you ever had a major story written about the clinic?"

Kilhefner: "The L.A. Times did an article on us recently. So did the Advocate. But this is the first magazine story with photographs ever attempted. In its way, this article is an historic break-through."

Editor: "Do you think that, after this article appears, you might get the sort of attention you could not adequately handle in terms of numbers of new patients seeking care?"

Kilhefner: "We are anticipating that right now and we hope to be ready. We plan to open on Friday evenings and we are going to add two extra physicians to

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the staff."

Editor: "Give me the clinic hours once again."

Kilhefner: "The Men's Division is now open on Monday and Wednesday evenings from 7 till 9. We encourage people to get there by at least 6:15 or 6:30. It is also open on Saturday mornings from 10 until noon. The Women's Clinic is open Tuesday and Thursday evenings from 6-9 p.m."

Editor: "A few final questions. What happened to the hordes of people milling around in the courtyard here at the outset of our interview?"

Morello: "Well, as you know, we own the three buildings here and the crowds of people you noticed, when you came, have all gone off to their Rap Sessions. This building is, primarily, Administration. In the other buildings, we conduct our self-development programs. They deal with gay awareness, impromptu theatre groups, growth groups (of ten weeks duration) outlining how people relate to one another, consciousness-raising groups involving gay people and how they can improve the level of their own gay consciousness and, through that consciousness, develop an ability to grow."

Editor: "Tell me something about those who instruct these programs."

Morello: "They're all volunteers and they go through quite an extensive training program. For instance, our Growth Groups were started by Betty Brazon, Humanistic Psychologist. She developed a distinctive program that has caught the imagination of a great many people here at the center."

Editor: "Do you have a program for keeping gay couples together?"

Morello: "We call it Peer Counselling and we have people who specialize in the problems of couples. We also have several rap session groups that are devoted to this topic. And the turnout for all groups has been tremendous."

Editor: "I can see that."

I walked to my car, lost in thought. What a marvelous age we are living in. I only wish I had known about all this when I was growing up. But we had large closets then, big enough to accommodate practically everybody I knew, as well as myself. What a childhood I might have enjoyed had the Gay Community Service Center existed then with such wonderful people as Don Kilhefner, Ken Bartley and Enric Morello. Ah me, I was born fifty years too soon! ●



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Photography by C. C. Hill

The Stirring of Your Soul

By Frank Carlson

— 24 —

*I sensed it as I met you
A strangeness and erotica alien to your soul
and it set me to wondering!*

*We had sex—that morning—as often we do
but such force & wild emotions
We have seldom shared You & I, and
I wondered?*

*I wandered momentarily away from you
to ponder the question
until jolted back to consciousness by your voice
I rejoined you—wondering still*

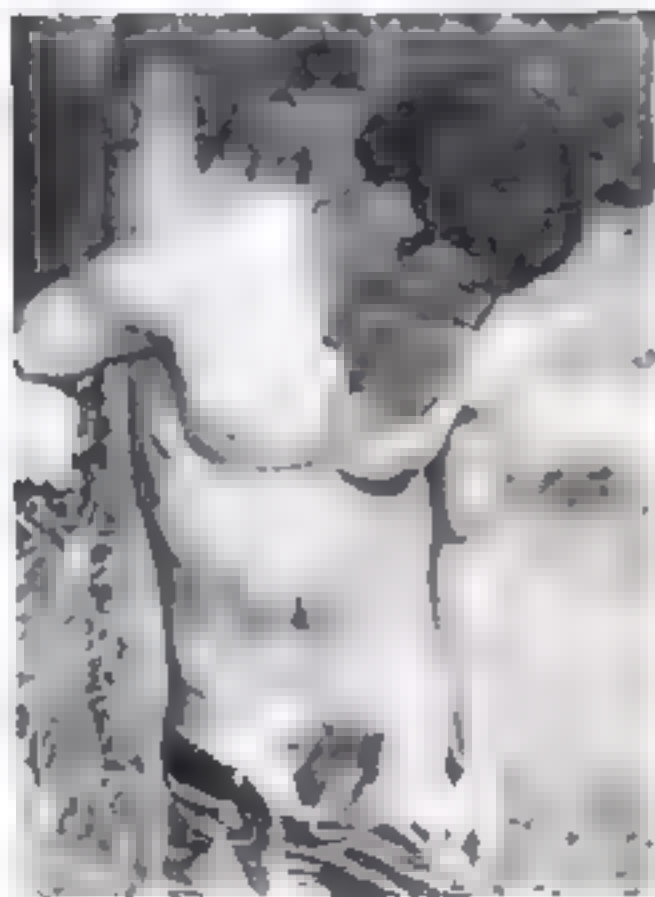
*You spoke with an aura of strangeness
which would not remove itself from my mind
and still I pondered your reasons
Wherever I wandered—you were there—
mysteriously everpresent,
and I still wonder*





*Cloud my mind not with these ponderings!
Speak clearly and tell me your meaning
Your soul stirs once more and so strongly
that I can see no purpose in resisting.
I know you—but I know you not!
If ever you know your own meaning
Perhaps I will wonder no more?!*



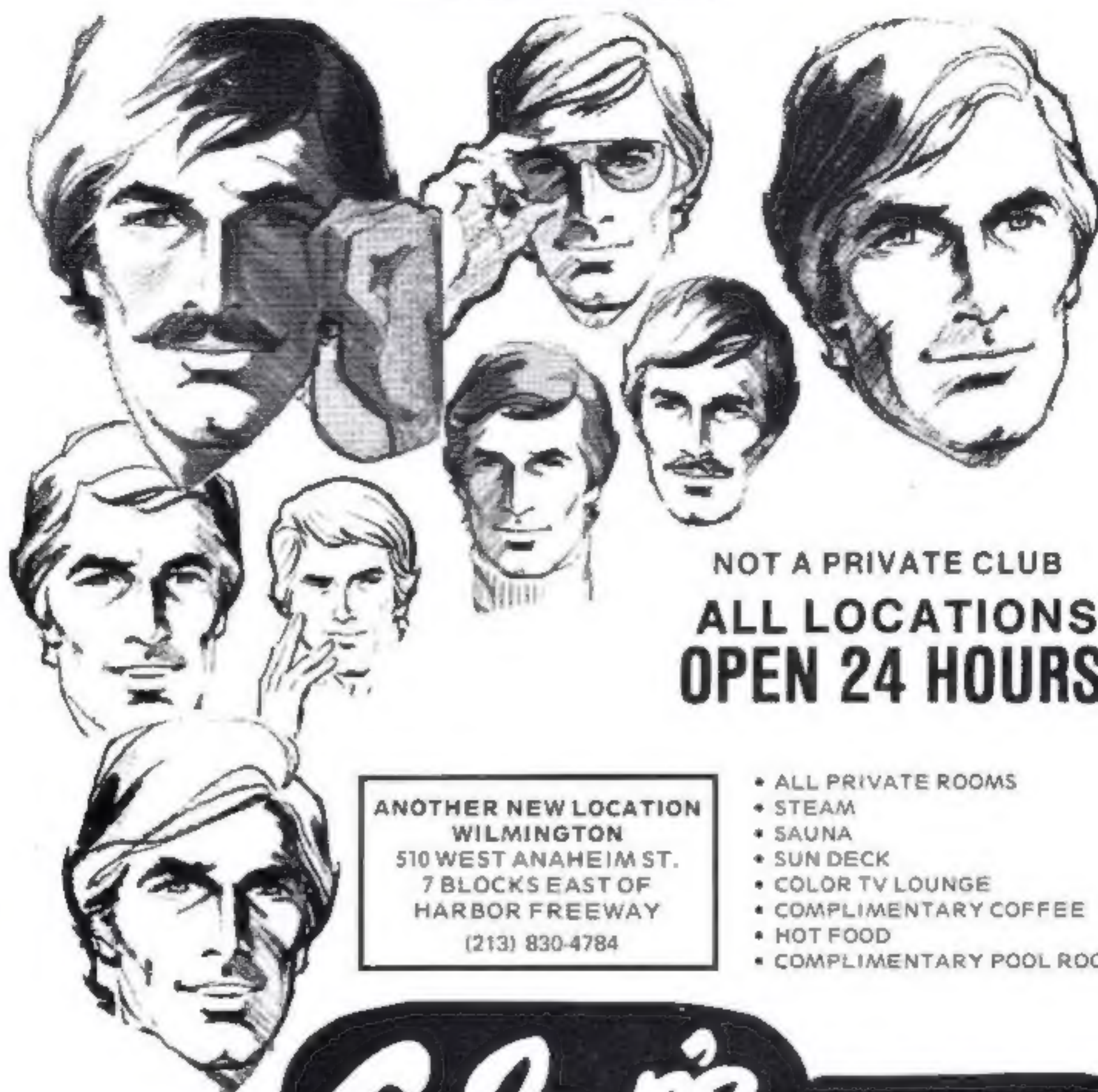




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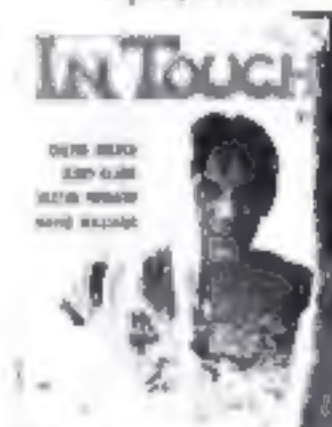
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